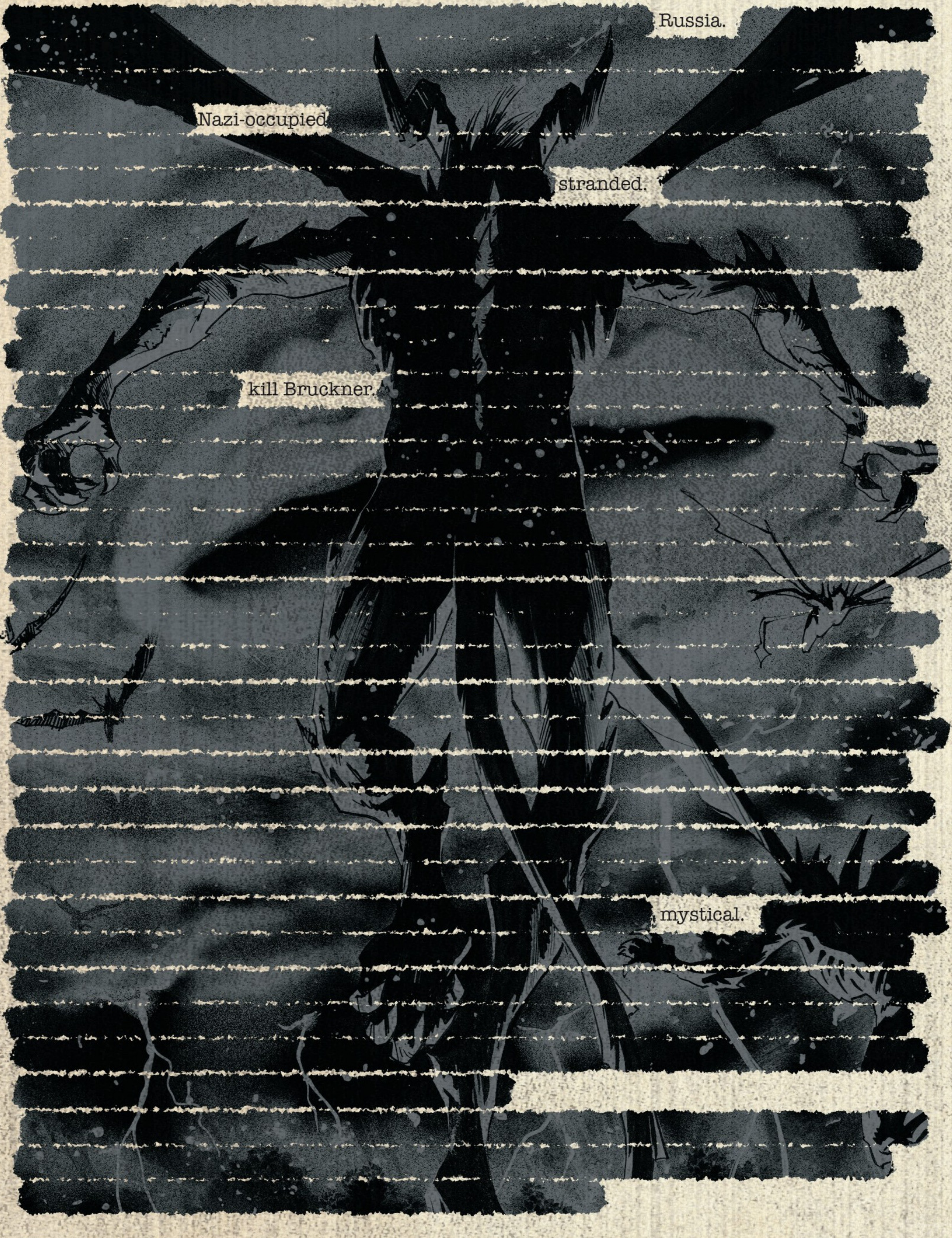
JOHNSON | GORHAM | MARTIN

HELLHUNTERS

Investigate

HELLHUNTERS

Report: [redacted] Howling Commandos



[redacted] Russia. [redacted] Nazi-occupied [redacted] stranded. [redacted] kill Bruckner. [redacted] mystical. [redacted]

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Marvel Comics Presents

HELLHUNTERS

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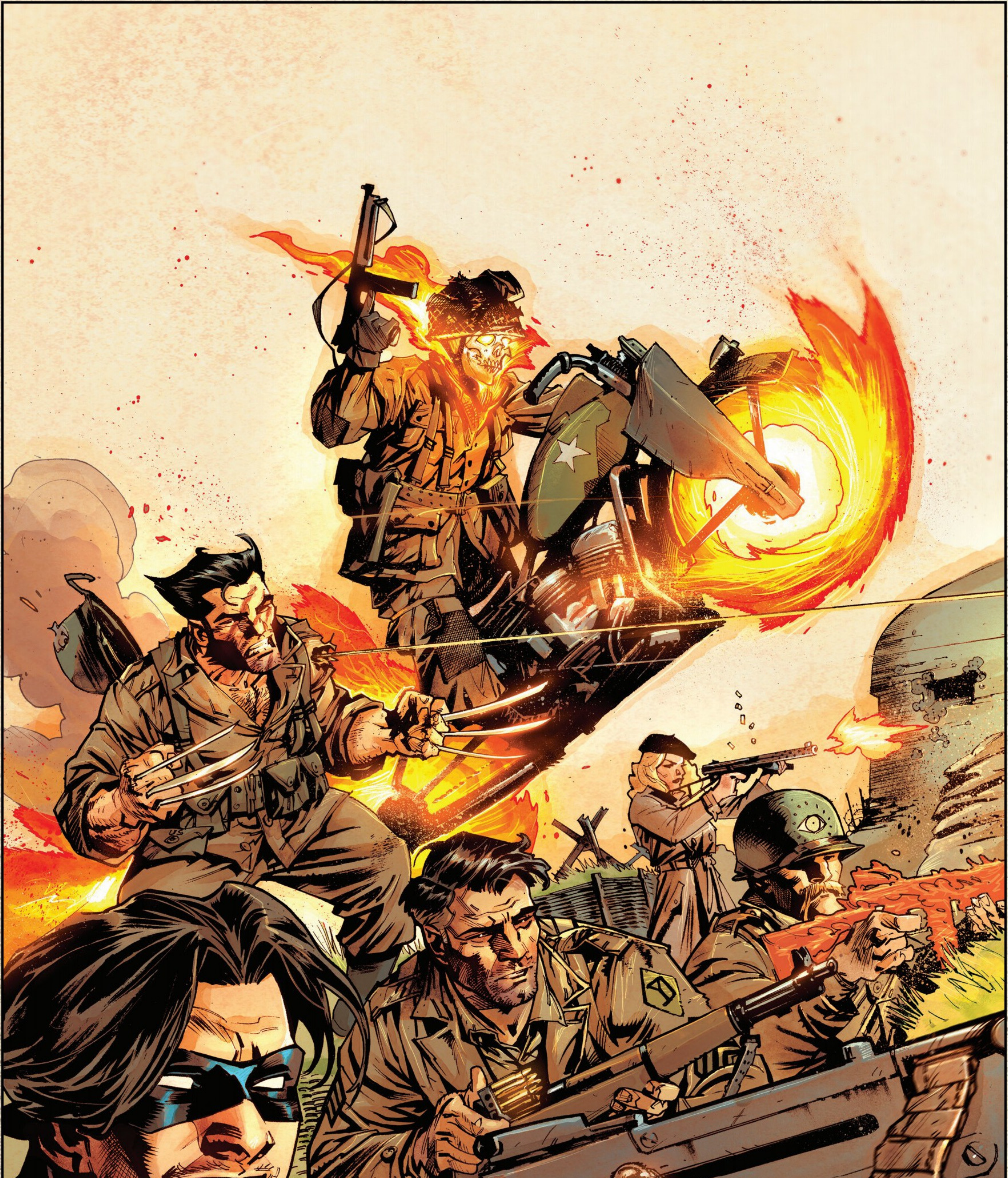
Scharf '24
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Guimaraes

HELLHUNTERS **1**

KALININGRAD, RUSSIA.
DECEMBER 1943.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BRAKAKAKAKAKAKAK
BRAKAKAKAK
<KEEP>* -HUFF-
<KEEP RUNNING.> -HUFF-
*TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN.
<WE'LL LOSE THEM> -HUFF-
<IN> -HUFF-
<THE FOREST.>

VRRRRNNN
<I HEAR THE GERMANS AHEAD! WE'VE GOT THEM!>*
@%$& NAZI #%&$S.
*TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN.
<FOLLOW THEM IN! DON'T LET THEM-->
<WAIT.>
<STOP THE TANK. WE GO BACK TO CAMP.>
<BUT WE'RE *GAINING* ON THEM!!! HALF A KILOMETER AND WE'LL-->
<THEY *WON'T* MAKE IT THAT FAR.>

"‹THOSE NAZIS ARE *WORSE* THAN DEAD.›"
FWUMP
ALTMANN!
‹WE SHOULD LEAVE HIM.›*
*TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN.
‹HE'S *ONE OF US,* BRUCKNER. *GET HIM UP.*›
‹HE'LL DIE ANYWAY! THE RUSSIANS...!›
‹HIS WOUNDS ARE NO WORSE THAN *YOURS,* BRUCKNER.›
‹MIND YOU DON'T TALK US INTO LEAVING *YOU,* TOO.›
‹GET HIM INTO THAT OLD WRECK. MAYBE THERE'S A **CELLAR,** OR--›
‹WHAT'S THIS?›

BANG
<WE ACCEPT.>
<COME CLOSER, HAUPTMANN BRUCKNER...>
<...AND RECEIVE LIFE EVERLASTING.>

AGGGHH!
GURGLE
CRUNNNCH
HNNG... HNNNGH...
BRUCKNER!
YEAAAUUGH!
<BRUCKNER... ARE YOU--?>
<C-COME... COME CLOSER, MY FRIENDS...>
<...AND RECEIVE WHAT WAS PROMISED.>

OOM
VVVVRRRRRRRRR
BAWHOOOM
KOOOM KOOOM
KOOO
KOOO
Six Months Later.
Nazi-Occupied France.
IS IT TIME?
WAIT FOR THE LIGHT!
GIVE 'EM HELL
CRUZ
ROMERO
WOOOOOOOOOO!!! LET'S GO, LET'S GO!!!
STAY IN YOUR SEAT, CRUZ! WAIT FOR THE DAMN LIGHT!
VVVRRRRRRRRRR RRRR RRRRRRR RRR
DAMN, CRUZ. RARIN' TO GO, HUH?
I AIN'T GOIN' HOME WITHOUT A PIECE OF ADOLF!
GONNA SHOOT THAT NAZI @%$& RIGHT IN THE ASS, TAKE HIS MUSTACHE AND WEAR IT AROUND TOWN!
KNOCK IT OFF, CRUZ! WATCH FOR THE LIGHT!
WE CAN'T WAIT NO LONGER! WE GOTTA LET 'EM OUT OR NONE OF US ARE GONNA--
BOOOOOOOOOM
WHAT THE HELL?
CLICK
THAT'S THE LIGHT! EVERYBODY UP, CLIP IN!
HUH?
THAT PLANE THAT JUST GOT HIT... THAT WASN'T NO ARTILLERY.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, ROMERO? RARIN' TO GO?
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
GOTTA STAY ALIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE YOU TAKE HITLER'S MUSTACHE, DON'T I?
HEY!
HOW'S IT SO COLD ALLA SUDDEN?
GRROOANN

ROMERO
KTANNNG
SKRACKK
SPLURRK
U.S.
SHAKRACKK
KRAKOOOOOOM
CRUZ!!!
SKREEEEEEEEEEE

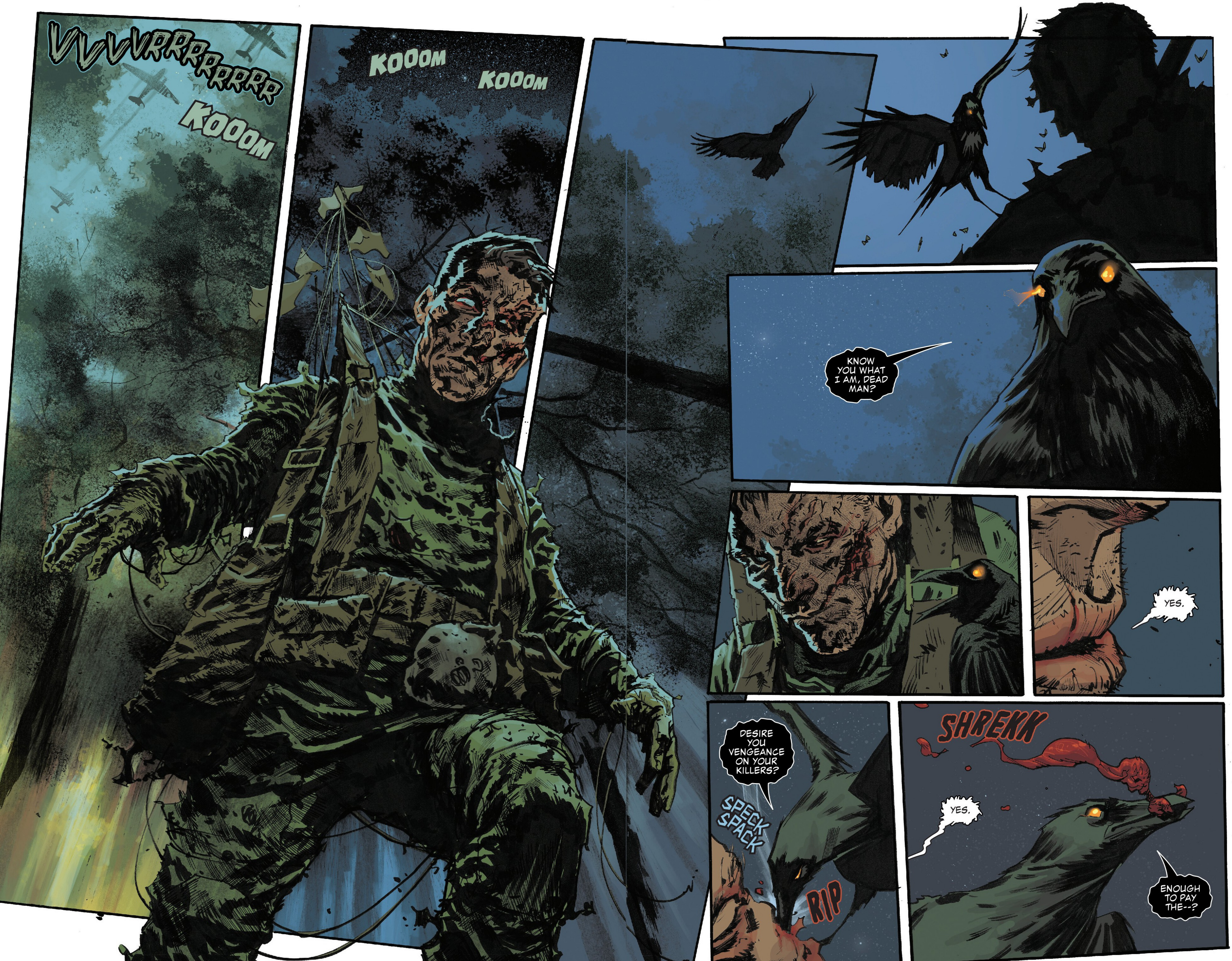
BAWHOOOOM
SKREEEEEEEE
CRUZ
THWACK
FWIPPP
FOOOMP

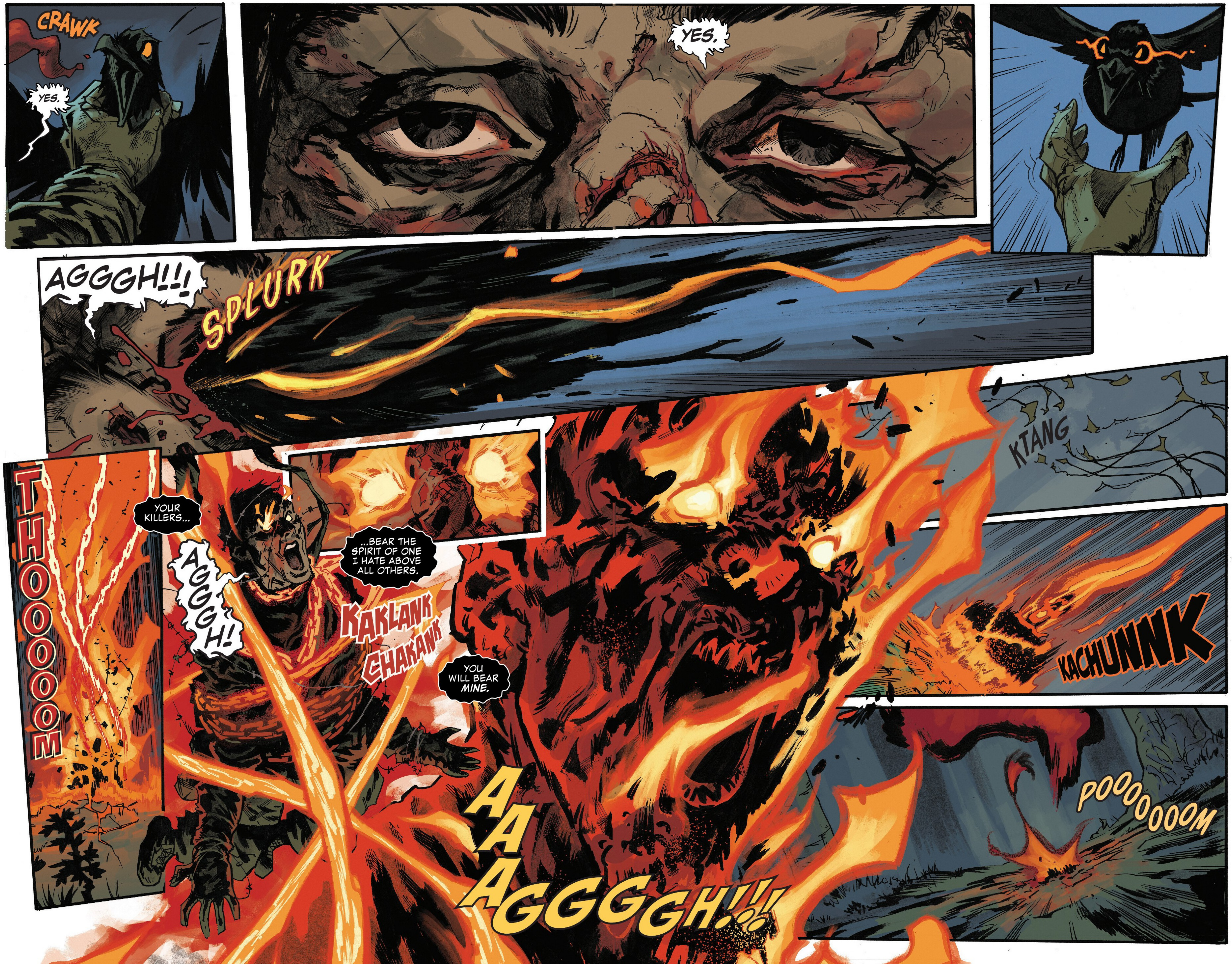
SKREEEEE
SHRIPPP
SHRACKK
CRACK
SHRECK
THWACK
WHUDD
NNK!
SHLUCKK
CRACK
KTANNNG

-COUGH-
-HACK-
@%$&.
AUF DER HEIDE BLÜHT EIN KLEINES BLÜMELEIN...
...UND DAS HEIßT ERRRRRRRIKA.
HELLO, LITTLE BIRD.
DID YOU FLY ALL THE WAY FROM THE BRITISH ISLES?
WHO'S -KAFF-
WHO'S THERE?
UNDYING CHAMPIONS OF THE REICH.

STAY -KAFF- STAY BACK, NAZI.
I THINK NOT.
WE ARE EXPECTED IN BARON-SUR-ODON...
...BUT THERE IS ALWAYS TIME FOR A BIT OF SPORT.
BLAM
AGH...!
SHRECK
Y-YOU'RE THE THINGS THAT DOWNED MY PLANE!
WHAT ARE YOU?!
BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM
YOU KILLED MY SQUAD! YOU KILLED CRUZ!
THIS IS WAR, LITTLE BIRD. WOULD HE NOT HAVE KILLED US?
FWOOOSH
FFSSSHHH
BLAM
KILL YOU MYSELF, YOU NAZI PIECE OF--

CRUNCH
SHRIIPPP
THNNNNK
TELL THE DEVIL *HAUPTMANN BRUCKNER* SENDS HIS REGARDS, SERGEANT.
I WILL BE SENDING *MANY* OF YOUR FRIENDS TO KEEP YOU COMPANY.


VVVVRRRRRRRRR
KOOOM
KOOOM
KOOOM
KNOW YOU WHAT I AM, DEAD MAN?
YES.
DESIRE YOU VENGEANCE ON YOUR KILLERS?
SPECK SPACK
RIP
SHREKK
YES.
ENOUGH TO PAY THE--?


CRAWK
YES.
YES.
AGGGH!!!
SPLURK
THOOOOOM
YOUR KILLERS...
AGGGH!
...BEAR THE SPIRIT OF ONE I HATE ABOVE ALL OTHERS.
KAKLANK
CHAKANK
YOU WILL BEAR MINE.
AAAGGGGH!!!
KTANG
KACHUNNK
POOOOOOOM

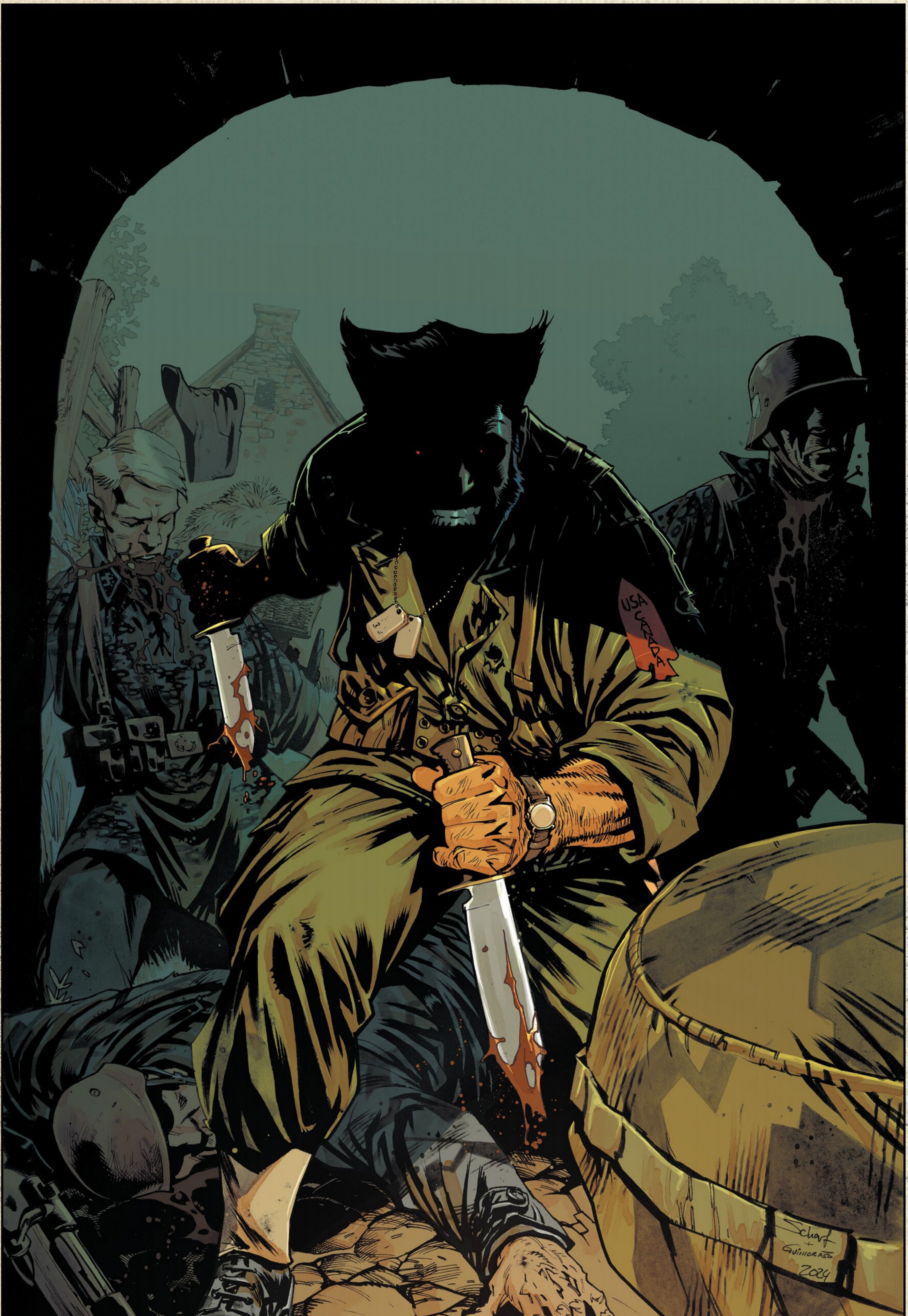
RISE, SAL ROMERO.
I NAME YOU *GHOST RIDER*...
...AND TOGETHER WE WILL HAVE OUR VENGEANCE.

THERE THEY ARE!!! LIGHT 'EM UP!
BRAKAKAKAKAKAK
WHO THE HELL...?
SHRIPP
FWIPP
FWUPP
FWOOOOSHH
KATHOOOM
POOOOOM
LOOK OUT! HE'S BRINGIN' THE TREES DOWN ON US!

DOWN!
BOOOM
TENNNG
THWIP
THWAP
LET 'EM HAVE IT.
BRAKAKAKAKAKAKA
BAWHOOOOOM

BRRRRRRRR
RRRAAAAAAAAAAAKKK
WHOA WHOA WHOA! HOLD YOUR FIRE!
WHAT? WHY?
WE GOOFED. HE AIN'T ONE 'A THEM.
HE'S WEARIN' AMERICAN COLORS.

THE HELL'RE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE, SOLDIER?
I'D ASK YOU THE SAME THING.
SERGEANT NICK FURY, U.S. ARMY RANGERS. SPECIAL OUTFIT CALLED THE HOWLING COMMANDOS.
SKINNY FELLA'S SEBASTIAN SZARDOS. SOME FOLKS CALL HIM THE "SOLDIER SUPREME," 'CAUSE OF THAT WHIZBANG HE WEARS.
JUST SZARDOS'LL DO FINE.
THE DAME'S PEGGY CARTER... AMERICAN BY WAY OF THE FRENCH RESISTANCE, TOUGH AS THEY COME.
SERGEANT SAL ROMERO. 101ST AIRBORNE.
WHERE'S YOUR UNIT?
DEAD. ALL OF 'EM. I'M LOOKIN' FOR THE ONES THAT DONE IT.
SQUAD OF NAZIS? SIX OF 'EM, PARTIAL TO THE COLD, HARD TO SHOOT AT?
VOICES YOU WON'T FORGET IN A HURRY.
THEIR CAPTAIN CALLED HIMSELF BRUCKNER. SAID HE WAS GOIN' TO BARON-SUR-ODON.
YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST RIDER I'VE MET, ROMERO. YOU'VE PROBABLY HAD YOUR FILL OF GETTING DRAFTED, BUT WE COULD USE YOU WITH US.
WE'RE AFTER THE SAME FELLAS AS YOU.
IF YOU'RE AIMIN' TO KILL BRUCKNER AND HIS MEN...
...SIGN ME UP.
I DON'T LOVE THE IDEA OF HAVIN' HIM IN THE JEEP, HIM BEIN' ON FIRE AND ALL. WE GOT SOME DELICATE STUFF IN THERE.
HE CAN TAKE THE BIKE.
HOW 'BOUT IT, ROMERO? YOU'RE AMERICAN, AIN'TCHA?
"EVER RODE A HARLEY BEFORE?"


USA CANADA
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HELLHUNTERS 2

NAZI-OCCUPIED FRANCE. JUNE 1944.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BRAKAKAK BRAKAKAK
BRAKAKAKAK
MATHIS? WH-WHAT THE HELL ARE THOSE THINGS?
JUST GET TO THE BARN, KID!
BLAM
HELP ME BLOCK THE DOOR!
OH. OH, NO.
MATHIS... DAVIS IS HURT WORSE 'N WE THOUGHT.
HE--HE'S BLEEDIN' OUT!
DAMN IT, KID! THE DOOR, HELP ME HOLD THE--
SKRRREEEEEE

THOOOOOOOM
FWHUMP
HHNNNG...
SUH-STAY BACK!!!
ARE THE ALLIES SO DESPERATE THAT THEY SEND FAT-FACED LITTLE *CHILDREN* TO DIE?
=SIGH= WELL.
IF YOU MUST.
UHNNK.
SHUMMP
YOU'LL... NEVER =KAFF= NEVER WIN THIS.
ALMOST... A MILLION MEN... COMIN' TO STOMP Y'R ASS...INTO TH' GROUND.
NEARLY A *MILLION,* YOU SAY?

IT SOUNDS AS IF THE REICH IS OUTMATCHED. WE WILL NEED TO BOLSTER OUR NUMBERS IF WE'RE TO WIN THIS WAR.
I WONDER, CORPORAL MATHIS...
CRUNCH
EYAAAUUGH!
...IF YOU AND YOUR MEN MIGHT FIGHT WITH US?
SCRNCH
NNNGGH!
YOU WILL HAVE TO DIE FIRST, I'M AFRAID.
IT WILL BE MORE PAINFUL THAN YOU THOUGHT POSSIBLE.
BUT WHEN IT'S THROUGH, YOU'LL HAVE A STRENGTH LIKE YOU'VE NEVER FELT...
...AND A PURPOSE YOU'VE NEVER HAD.
YEEEEAAAAAUUGH!

TWO DAYS LATER.
WELL, NUTS.
CARTER, YOU KNOW ANOTHER WAY AROUND?
THIS IS IT FOR *MILES,* FURY. THE BRIDGE TO THE NORTH IS OUT, AND THE WOODS TO THE SOUTH ARE *CRAWLING* WITH NAZIS.
ROMERO. C'MERE, HELP ME WITH SOMETHING.
U.S.A
WHAT'RE WE DOIN', SZARDOS?
WE'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING.
YOUR *PASSENGER* IS GONNA SHOOT AN AZIMUTH FOR US.
FWOOOSH

THERE'S OUR PATH. WE'LL FIND BRUCKNER AT THE OTHER END OF THAT TRAIL.
OW.
WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?
"THERE ARE... THINGS...IN THE ASTRAL PLANE, ROMERO. THINGS THAT TALK TO ME.
"THEY TOLD ME SOMETHING WAS WALKING THE EARTH...A SENTIENT CURSE SHAPED LIKE A GERMAN SOLDIER.
"SOMETHING WITH A HATRED OF MORTAL MAN THAT COULD BURN THE WHOLE WORLD DOWN.
"BUT WHERE THE ASTRAL SPIRITS ONCE SAW ONE HUMAN-SHAPED FORCE... NOW THEY SEE TWO.
"YOU, ROMERO."

IN MY EXPERIENCE, MONSTERS TEND TO FIND EACH OTHER... SOMETIMES *CREATE* EACH OTHER. AND YOU AND BRUCKNER ARE *LINKED.*
THE SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE--THE THING THAT CHOSE YOU AS THE *GHOST RIDER*--HAS SOME KIND OF *GRUDGE* AGAINST THE OTHER ONE. I CAN *FEEL* IT, EVEN WITHOUT THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO.
I HELPED FURY AND CARTER OUT OF A SCRAPE LAST YEAR.
WHEN I TOLD THEM I THOUGHT SOMETHING *BIG* WAS COMING, THEY SAID THEY'D HELP ME LOOK FOR HIM...
USA
...AND FOR *YOU.*
THAT'S WHY YOU THREE'RE KEEPIN' ME AROUND? AS SOME SORTA *DEMON COMPASS?*
SURE. WHAT DO *YOU* CARE? YOU OUGHTA WORRY LESS ABOUT THAT AND MORE ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO WHEN THIS IS *DONE.*
YOU SOLD YOUR SOUL TO A DEMON. FOR *REVENGE,* THE *DUMBEST* OF ALL REWARDS.
WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO WHEN YOU *GET* IT?
KACHOWWWW

KACHOWWW KACHOWWW
WHAT THE...?!
THAT'S A *GERMAN* RIFLE.
KACHOWWW CRACK CRACK CRACK
IT'S COMIN' FROM THAT FARM OVER THERE.
WHAT DO YOU SEE, CARTER?
I'VE GOT MOVEMENT. I THINK I SEE...
...THREE NAZIS.
NO. FOUR.
KACHOWWW KACHOWWW
THE HELL'RE THEY *SHOOTING* AT?
IT LOOKS LIKE...
...IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE SHOOTING IN *ALL DIRECTIONS.*
LET'S GIVE 'EM SOMETHIN' TO *SHOOT AT*, THEN.
KA-CHAK
WE AIN'T KILLIN' ANY NAZIS UP *HERE.*

HEY, SZARDOS.
WHAT'S WITH YOUR *RIFLE,* ANYHOW?
IT'S NOT A RIFLE.
THE HELL *IS* IT, THEN?
A SENTIENT PROJECTION ROD. IT TRANSLATES MY VIOLENT INTENTIONS INTO PHYSICAL CONSEQUENCES.
SOUNDS LIKE A RIFLE TO ME.
SSHH.
ROMERO, BURNING CHAINS AND MACHINE-GUN BREATH WOULD COME IN HANDY ABOUT NOW.
HE DON'T KNOW HOW TO TURN IT ON.
HEY, *SHUT* UP.
YOU DON'T KNOW *HOW?*
HE'S NEW. WE'LL WORK ON--
‹A-AMERICANS?›*
*TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN.
‹DROP YOUR WEAPONS!›
‹HELP!›
‹I--I SURRENDER!›

<I SURRENDER! PLEASE DON'T SHOOT!>
<PLEASE DON'T LET HIM KILL M-->
WHUMP
THOCK
...THE HELL?
GYAAAHHHH!
THOCK THOCK SHLUCKK SPLURRRP
THOCK
THUCK
RRRIPPP
SHLUCKK
HRRNN... HRRNNN...
SNFF
AMERICANS, HUH?

TOOK YOU BUMS LONG ENOUGH.
DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, PSYCHO.
DON'T WORRY, LADY. I AIN'T STAYIN'.
HEY, *WAIT!*
WHAT OUTFIT'RE YOU WITH? HOW'D YOU END UP FIGHTING THESE GERMANS ALONE?
MY OUTFIT'S *DEAD.* I RAN ACROSS THESE KRAUTS BY ACCIDENT.
SOMETHING'S *HUNTIN'* ME. AND YOU DON'T WANNA BE ANYWHERE NEAR ME WHEN IT CATCHES...

LOGANNNNN...
TOO LATE.
YOU SHOULDA RUN.
ROMERO! FLAME ON, WILL YA?
I CAN'T, DAMN IT!
LOGAN, WHY'D YOU LEAVE US?
FWOOSSHH
SKRRREEEEEEEE
FWOOOSH
THAT KRAUT RIPPED YOUR THROAT OUT, DAVEY! THERE WASN'T NOTHIN' I COULDA--
"NEVER LEAVE A MAN BEHIND," LOGAN.
SHRRIIIIPP
AIN'T THAT WHAT THEY SAY?
ROMERO!
FWHUMP

BRAKAKAKAKAK
BLAM BLAM BLAM
RUN, DAMN IT! GUNS DON'T KILL THESE--
BLAMM
MAYBE NOT YOUR GUNS.
MY WEAPONS AIN'T STANDARD ISSUE.
WE'RE GONNA GET ALONG JUST FINE, BUB.

BLAM
LIGHT 'EM UP!
BRAKAKAKAKAKAK
SORRY, DAVEY.
YOU DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS.
SKREEEEEE!
THOCK
REMEMBER HOW COLD IT GOT, LOGAN? TRAINING IN THE ALEUTIANS?
BOOOM
I REMEMBER.
SHLUCK
WE USED TO JOKE THAT OUR EYES'D FREEZE SHUT.
BELIEVE ME, LOGAN...
...WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT COLD WAS.

SHREEECK
YOU DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT COLD ANYMORE, FELLA.
SKREEEEEE
NOT WITH ME AROUND.
SKREEEE

YOU.
WHACK
BRUCKNER REMEMBERS YOU.
WHOCK
FWOOOOOOOSHHH
TELL HIM I'LL SEE HIM SOON.
POOOOM
LOGAN?

YEAH, DAVEY. I'M HERE, PAL.
LOGAN... BRUCKNER CAME OUTTA... ***KALININGRAD.***
AN OLD ROTTEN SCAFFOLD...A WIDOW'S FALLEN-IN HOUSE... A ***DEAD HORSE*** IN CHAINS. YOU UNDERSTAND?
NAW, DAVEY, I ***DON'T*** UNDER--
YOU WILL.
Y-YOU SEND THAT NAZI #%$& TO HELL FOR ME, LOGAN.
OKAY?
COUNT ON IT, PAL.
SHNNK

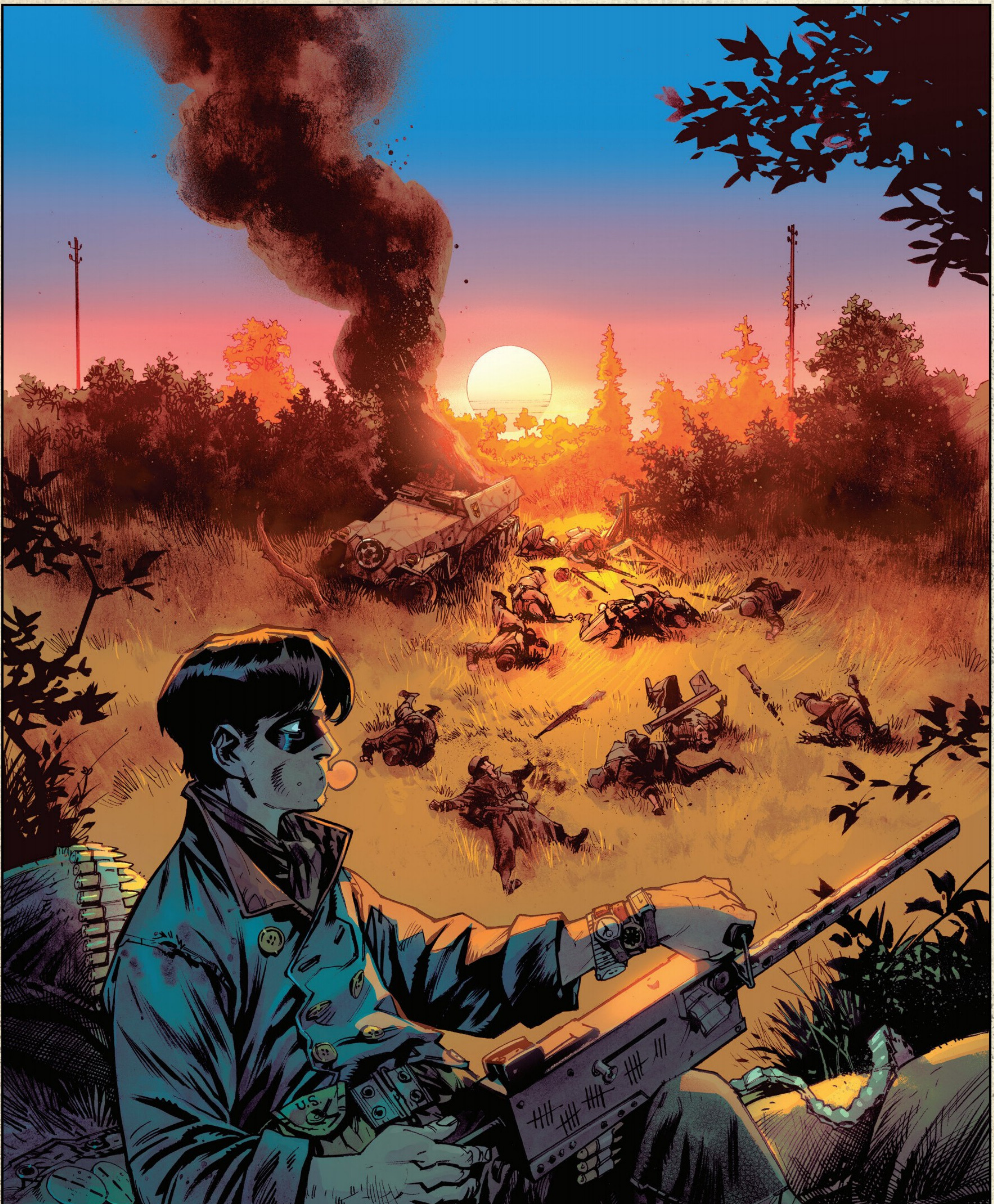
KALININGRAD? A DEAD HORSE IN CHAINS? SZARDOS, DID THAT GIBBERISH MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
IT DID.
I KNOW THIS STARTED AS A RECON MISSION, BUT THAT'S ALL CHANGED NOW. IF BRUCKNER'S WHAT I THINK HE IS, EVERYTHING ELSE IS SECONDARY. EVEN THE WAR.
I WON'T LIE TO YOU. I DON'T SEE US ALL MAKIN' IT BACK.
IF ANYBODY WANTS OUT, NOW'S THE TIME.
KID CALLED YOU "LOGAN." RIGHT?
PRETTY GOOD IN A SCRAP, LOGAN. WHAT'LL YOU DO, NOW THAT YOUR SQUAD'S GONE?
HADN'T GOT THAT FAR YET.
IF YOUR DANCE CARD'S OPEN, RUN WITH US FOR A WHILE.
SZARDOS SAYS THERE'S A NAZI OUT THERE NEEDS KILLIN' EVEN MORE THAN MOST...

"...AND I'D HATE TO BREAK UP A TEAM LIKE THIS ONE."
OUR PATH IS BESET.
ZARATHOS RAISES HIS HAND AGAINST US. AGAMOTTO AS WELL.
NO MATTER. ZARATHOS' LITTLE **RIDERS** AND **FALLEN** ARE NO THREAT TO US.
THE ALLIES ARE SENDING US NEARLY A ***MILLION VESSELS.***
ENOUGH TO ***END THE RACE OF MEN...***
...AND USHER IN THE KINGDOM THAT WAS PROMISED.
NORMANDY.

HAIL, MARY, FULL OF GRACE. THE LORD IS WITH THEE. BLESSED ART THOU AMONG--
DON'T DO THAT. MAKIN' ME NERVOUS.
IF FIELDS *PRAYIN'* MAKES YOU NERVOUS, WAIT'LL THOSE ***MACHINE GUNS*** OPEN UP ON US.
HEY... YEAH. WE'RE ALMOST TO THE BEACH.
HOW COME NOBODY'S ***SHOOTIN'*** YET? THE PILOTS WHO CAME BACK SAID THEY WAS--
KRUNNNNNNNK
WHAT THE HELL WAS *THAT?!*
DID WE *HIT* SOMETHIN', OR--?
OH GOD.
SKRREEEEEEEEE

THOSE AIN'T...THOSE AIN'T JUST **NAZIS.**
H-HOLY MARY... P-PUH...
...P-PRAY FOR US SINNERS...
...NOW...
...AND AT THE HOUR OF OUR DEATH.

#3 VARIANT BY **Rod Reis**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HELLHUNTERS **3**

THE **RIDER** DRAWS TOO CLOSE.
THE **SORCERER,** TOO, IS POWERFUL.
HUNT THEM DOWN. THEY MUST COME **NO CLOSER.**
I'LL NOT SOIL MY HANDS ON ANOTHER OF ZARATHOS' STRAYS.
WHAT WE NEED...

"...IS **BROTHER BARAPHIEL** TO AID US."
‹FELL MORE TREES! JAM THEM UNDER THE TREADS! RUN A CHAIN TO THE NEXT TANK!›*
‹MOVE, DAMN YOU!›
*TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN.
‹YOU SEEM IN NEED OF AN **ASSIST,** COLONEL SCHMIDT.›
?
‹WHO ARE ***YOU?*** WHERE IS YOUR WEATHER GEAR?›
‹HAUPTMANN ***FELIX BRUCKNER,*** AT YOUR SERVICE. RECENTLY RETURNED FROM THE RUSSIAN FRONT.›
BRUCKNER?
‹HIGH COMMAND SAID YOU'D BE COMING, AND THAT WE'RE TO GIVE YOU WHATEVER RESOURCES YOU NEED.›
‹UNFORTUNATELY, WE HAVE SCARCELY WHAT WE NEED OURSELVES. THESE ROADS ARE ***IMPASSABLE.***›
‹WHATEVER YOUR USE TO THE REICH, WE HAVE NOTHING TO OFFER YOU.›
‹YOU SELL YOURSELF SHORT, COLONEL. YOU HAVE SOMETHING OF ***GREAT*** VALUE.›

‹YOUR MEN.›
SKREEEEEEEEE!
‹YOUR FLESH.›
‹YOUR BREATH, YOUR BLOOD, YOUR BONES, YOUR STEAMING INNARDS.›
‹THAT IS ALL THE REICH ASKS OF YOU, HERR SCHMIDT.›
SPURRRK
‹BARAPHIEL. AWAKEN, LITTLE BROTHER.›
‹ACCEPT OUR GIFT AND MAKE YOURSELF A NEW FORM...›

〈"...FOR THE *UNHALLOWED* HAVE NEED OF YOU AGAIN."〉
CAMP TWENTY GRAND.
HENOUVILLE/DUCLAIR, FRANCE.
THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH!
STATE YOUR NAME, RANK AND PURPOSE!
SERGEANT NICK FURY, 1ST ARMY RANGERS, HOWLING COMMANDOS!
AND MY PURPOSE'LL BE A ***BOOT IN YOUR ASS,*** IZZY COHEN, YOU DON'T LET US THROUGH!
N-NICK?
GEEZ, I'M SORRY, NICK! YOU TOO, CARTER! DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THESE OTHER FELLAS.
NO NEED TO GET SORE, FURY. IZ IS JUST DOING HIS JOB.

WE'VE ALL GOT OUR PART TO DO, DON'T WE?
ROGERS. JUST THE MAN I CAME TO SEE.
THERE'S A MISSION I NEED YOU FOR, IF YOU'RE UP FOR IT. WE GOTTA DEBRIEF COLONEL PHILLIPS, PRONTO.
AGENT CARTER.
CAPTAIN ROGERS.
HOW ARE OUR FRIENDS IN THE FRENCH RESISTANCE?
DOING WHAT THEY CAN. THEY'LL BE IN A WORLD OF HURT IF WE DON'T HANDLE OUR CURRENT PROBLEM, THOUGH.
...LOGAN?
ROGERS.
HOLY DAMN. THAT WAS--
YEAH.
C'MON, ROMERO. FURY AND THE FANCY-PANTS WANNA TALK TO THE BRASS. LET'S GO SEE WHERE THE GRUNTS HANG OUT.

WHICH ONE OF YOU'S GONNA TELL ME WHAT THE *HELL'S* GOING ON OUT THERE?
I'VE GOT REPORTS OF PLANES GOING DOWN IN AREAS WE *KNOW* THERE'S NO ARTILLERY. AND LAST NIGHT, A LANDING FORCE RADIOED THAT OMAHA BEACH WAS *FROZEN OVER,* NO WAY TO LAND. IN *JUNE.*
THE NEXT WAVE FOUND PERSONNEL CARRIERS STUCK IN ICE, *EMPTY.* AND NOW THERE'S A STORM IN FRANCE CREEPING ITS WAY NORTH.
I HOPE YOU GOT SOMETHIN' TO TELL ME, NICK.
SZARDOS?
TELL COLONEL PHILLIPS WHAT WE'RE LOOKIN' AT.
A NAZI CAPTAIN NAMED *FELIX BRUCKNER,* M.I.A. IN RUSSIA LAST YEAR, JUST TURNED BACK UP IN FRANCE.
I THINK HE FOUND ONE OF THE *UNHALLOWED.*
YOU WANNA TELL ME WHAT THAT MEANS?

THE UNHALLOWED WERE ***DEMONS,*** BUT MADE BY MEN. OR RATHER, BY A ***WOMAN...***
"...***ALEKSANDRA NIGHTBRINGER,*** A RUSSIAN WITCH WHO FELL IN LOVE WITH THE DEVIL.
"SHE MADE OFFERINGS OF HER VILLAGE'S LIVESTOCK, THEIR CROPS...EVEN THEIR ***CHILDREN.***
"THEY BURNED HER AT THE STAKE, SUPPOSEDLY WITH SATAN'S BABY IN HER BELLY. SHE PRAYED FOR HIM TO SAVE THEM, BUT HE NEVER CAME.
"WHEN NIGHTBRINGER'S BODY BURNED, HER AND HER BABY'S ASHES PASSED INTO THE SOIL, WHERE THE REMAINS OF ALL HER OFFERINGS WERE BURIED.
"THEIR BLOOD, ASH, AGONY AND RAGE BECAME THE ***UNHALLOWED,*** DEMONIC ELEMENTALS THAT PLAGUED THAT PART OF THE WORLD FOR A LONG TIME.
"THE DEVIL LET ALEKSANDRA NIGHTBRINGER BURN BECAUSE SHE WAS A ***THREAT.*** SHE WANTED TO TURN EARTH INTO A KINGDOM TO ***RIVAL HELL.***
"I THINK ONE OF HER UNHALLOWED JUST FOUND ITS WAY BACK...

"...IN THE BODY OF FELIX BRUCKNER."
-SNIFF-
-SNIFF- STUPID.
S'NOT FAIR.
HEY. KID.
WHAT'S WRONG?
DUM DUM TOOK MY EARS.

HE...TOOK YOUR WHAT NOW?
SNIFF I WAS TAKIN' EARS OFFA NAZIS I KILLED, AND HE TOOK 'EM. SAID HE'D TELL CAP IF HE CAUGHT ME DOIN' IT AGAIN.
I KILLED THOSE NAZIS FAIR'N SQUARE.
THOSE EARS'RE MINE.
KID, WHAT ARE YOU, FIFTEEN? THE HELL'RE YOU DOIN' OUT HERE?
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' OUT HERE, YA MOKE? I'M FIGHTIN' A WAR, SAME AS YOU!
FIGHTIN' A...?
HOLY SMOKES. YOU'RE THAT KID CAP RUNS WITH.
I THOUGHT THAT WAS JUST A GAG FOR THE NEWSREELS.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, KID?

I ASKED FOR ANSWERS, YOU GIVE ME SUNDAY SCHOOL. I FEED THIS MALARKEY TO EISENHOWER, WHAT DO YOU THINK HE'LL SAY?
I CAN'T SPARE ANY MEN. AND YOU'RE DEFINITELY NOT GETTING CAP.
SIR... ALL DUE RESPECT, THIS IS--
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW FOR SURE THAT THIS IS ONE OF THESE... "UNHOLLOWED" THINGS. NOT FOR SURE.
WHAT I DO KNOW FOR SURE IS ADOLF HITLER'S TRYING TO TAKE OVER THE WHOLE DAMN WORLD, AND WE JUST LOST A SIZABLE CHUNK OF OUR LANDING FORCE.
SORRY, NICK. I NEED EVERY FIGHTING MAN I'VE GOT. ESPECIALLY CAP.
I'LL SPARE YOU AND CARTER FOR ANOTHER WEEK OR TWO. BUT YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.
I WON'T HARD-SELL YOU, GENERAL. TRUTH BE TOLD, I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOOD MORE MEN WOULD DO US ANYHOW.
BUT IF WE DON'T MAKE IT BACK, TELL EISENHOWER TO STOP THE INVASION AND GET THE HELL OUT OF EUROPE.

"'CUS IF WE DON'T STOP BRUCKNER, YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT *HITLER* ANYMORE.
"THE KRAUTS, THE FRENCH, THE SWISS, AND EVERYONE THEY EVER MET WILL BE PART OF THAT *STORM* THAT'S COVERING NORMANDY...
"...AND IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME TILL IT CROSSES THE *ATLANTIC*, TOO."

THAT COULDA GONE BETTER.
WE NEED STEVE ON THIS MISSION.
WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
MAYBE.
A SORCERER SUPREME AND A GHOST RIDER TOOK DOWN AN UNHALLOWED ONCE BEFORE, LONG TIME AG--
HEY, NICK.
HEARD YOU WERE LOOKIN' FOR ONE MORE?
-SIGH- BUCKY.
LAND YOURSELF IN TROUBLE AGAIN? TRYIN' TO SKIP DETENTION?
NOTHIN' DOIN', KID. GROWN-UPS ONLY. SCRAM.
HE'S CAPTAIN AMERICA'S PARTNER, SZARDOS. I SEEN HIM DO STUFF IN NEWSREELS THAT'D MAKE YOUR HEAD SPIN.
I DON'T WANT A DEAD KID ON MY TAB. HE OUGHTTA BE ON A SCHOOLYARD IN SHORT PANTS, NOT GETTIN' SHOT AT.
I BET I KILLED MORE NAZIS 'N YOU, FELLA! TELL HIM, PEG!
BUCKY'S REAL GOOD, SZARDOS. CRACK SHOT WITH A GARAND, SCARY WITH A BAYONET.

SZARDOS IS RIGHT, BUCK. THE COLONEL'LL BE *MADDER 'N HELL* AT YA IF YOU SKIP OUT.
WHAT'S HE GONNA DO, *COURT-MARTIAL* ME? I CAN'T EVEN *ENLIST* FOR TWO MORE YEARS!
C'MON, NICK!
AND LEMME BUM A *SMOKE,* TOO.
HEH.
-SIGH-
NO.
BACK 'A THE JEEP.
AND YOU TELL CAP YOU *STOWED AWAY,* HEAR ME?
THIS IS A MISTAKE, AND THERE'LL BE A COST.
DON'T ASK *ME* TO PAY IT, THAT'S ALL.

LATE THAT NIGHT.
NUTS.
WE CAN'T GET THE JEEP THROUGH THIS.
LET'S STRETCH OUR LEGS, FIND ANOTHER WAY 'ROUND.
AGH!
WHAT IS IT, ROMERO?
I THINK...
...THERE'S SOMETHING CLOSE.
FWOOOOOOOOSHH
HATE IT WHEN IT GETS QUIET LIKE THIS. THIS IS ALWAYS WHEN KRAUTS START SHOOTIN'.
SING A SONG OR SOMETHIN', THEN.
DON'T KNOW NO SONGS.
WHAT? YOU MUST KNOW SOME SONGS.
WELL... I KNOW THE CADENCE CALLS THEY MAKE US RUN TO. I COULD SING ONE O' THEM.
DON'T SING ONE O' THEM, THANKS.
HEY. EASE UP ON HIM.
LISTEN.
ANYBODY ELSE HEAR THAT?
HEAR WHAT?
SCREAMIN'. KRAUTS, I THINK...FAR AWAY.
OR MAYBE...
...UNDERGROUND.
RMMMBBLLLLLLLLL
KOOOOOM

SKREEEAAAAAWWGGH
BRAK AK AK AK AK

IT'S ANOTHER UNHALLOWED!!! WHOLE THING'S MADE OUTTA BODIES!
LIGHT IT UP!!!
BRAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAK
LOGAN! GET TO COVER!
"COVER"?
-KAFF-
LOSE A -KAFF- A CHANCE TO KILL... A HUNDRED NAZIS AT ONCE?
BETTER 'N CHRISTMAS.
CHOMP

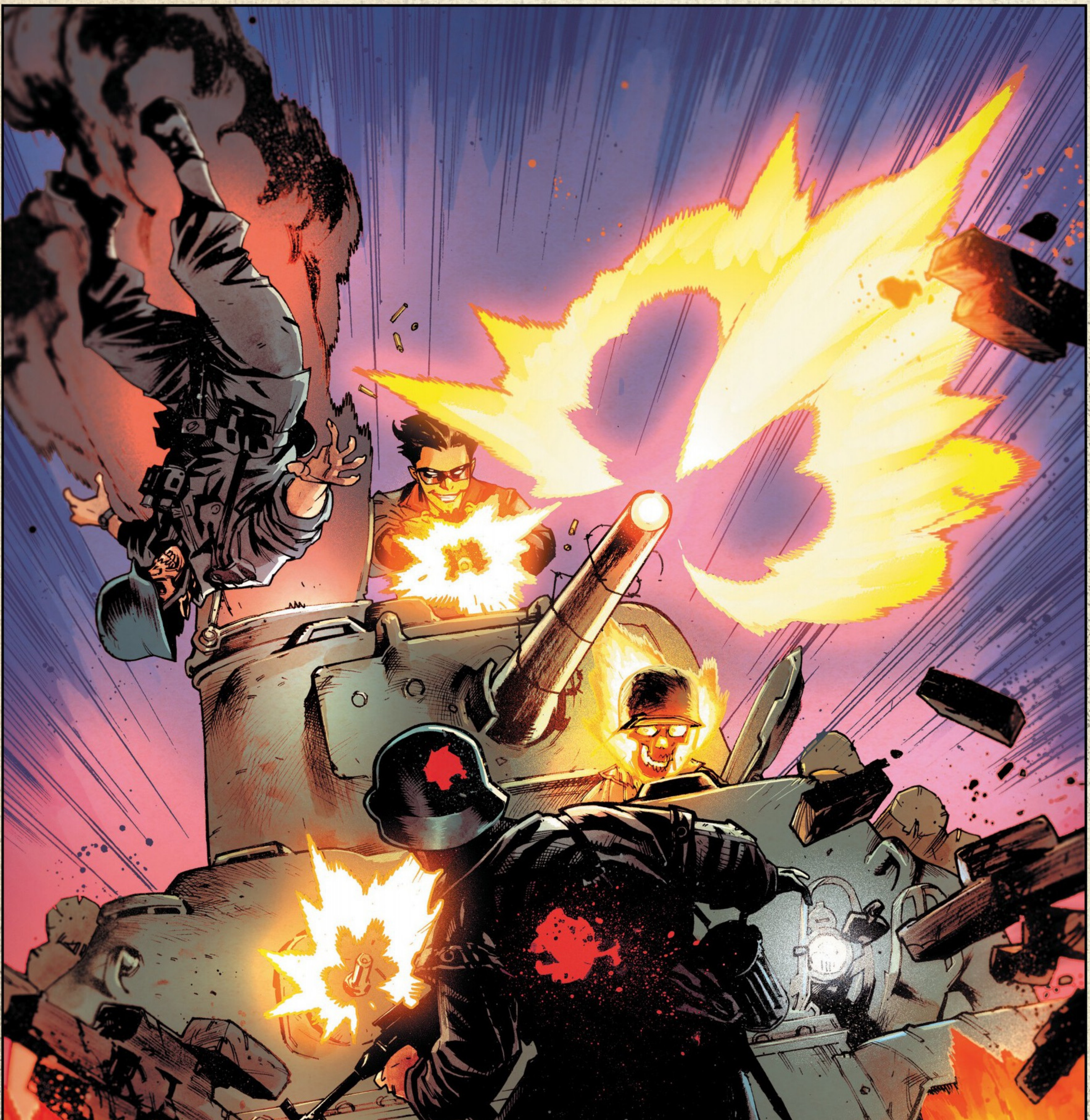
HAHA HAHAHA!
LOGAN'S INSANE.
TOUGH AS THEY COME, THOUGH.
THOCK
SHLUCKK
"I THINK HE MIGHT OUTLIVE US ALL."
THWOCKK
VRRRNN
HEY, ROMERO! NEED A GUNNER?
WOO-HOO!!! HOW FAST CAN THIS THING GO ON HELLFIRE?
HAVEN'T OPENED IT UP YET. LET'S FIND OUT.

HEADS ARE UP AND CHESTS ARE OUT! ARMS ARE SWINGIN' IN CADENCE COUNT!
HEAD AND EYES ARE OFF THE GROUND, FORTY INCHES, COVER DOWN!
CHAKOW CHAKOW
WE *BROUGHT* THAT KID HERE, NICK.
THE UNIVERSE **TAKES NOTE** OF THIS STUFF. NEVER DOUBT IT.
WHEN THAT LITTLE BOY GETS HIMSELF KILLED...
"...DIG THE HOLE YOURSELF."
AN AIRMAN'S WINGS ARE MADE OF LEAD! A SAILOR'S SOGGY IN THE HEAD!
NO BULLET SPONGE MARINE FOR ME!

I'M ARMY AIRBORNE INFANTRY!

DECLAN 2025

#4 VARIANT BY **Declan Shalvey**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Guimarães

HELLHUNTERS **4**

WOO-HOOOOO!!! AIRBORNE!!!
BRAKAKAKAKAKAKAK
666
BUCKY, YOU REMIND ME OF A FRIEND OF MINE.
YEAH? IS HE A *NAZI-KILLER,* LIKE US?
HE'S *DEAD.*
SHLUUUCK
BRAKAKAKAKAK
CHAKOW CHAKOW
BET HE *WOULDA* BEEN A NAZI-KILLER, THOUGH, HUH?
DAMN RIGHT.
VVRRRRRN

DOOOOOOOOOOOOM
MMMP.
COULD USE AN **ASSIST** HERE!
AGAMOTTO... OSHTUR... MUNNOPOR!
FROM YOUR WISDOM, A SHIELD...
FROM YOUR KNOWLEDGE, A BLADE...
WHERE ONCE WERE SCHOLARS... WARRIORS.
HAHAHAHAHA! WOOOOOO!!!
HEY, LOOK OUT WHERE YOU *POINT* THAT--

BAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH
KA THOOM
WHUMP
OOOFF!
WHAM
C'MON, KID! ON YOUR FEET, FAST!
-KAFF-
#%$@. WHERE'D MY THOMPSON GO?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, KID.
I'LL DO YA ONE BETTER.

BRAKAKAKAKAKAKAKA
CHUP CHUP
CHUP
CHUP CHUP
KTANNG
TANG
TUNNG
KTUNG
GLUP
GLUP
GLUP
FURY! THINK YOU CAN GIVE ME A SPARK ON THAT TRUCK?
BLAM
CARTER, IF I CAN'T DO THAT...
KA-CHACK
...I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL I'M GOOD FOR.
KACHOWM

BAWHOOM
AWWWWOOOOOOO
KADOOOOOOOM
BA DOOM
GARRRROOOOOO
BRAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAK

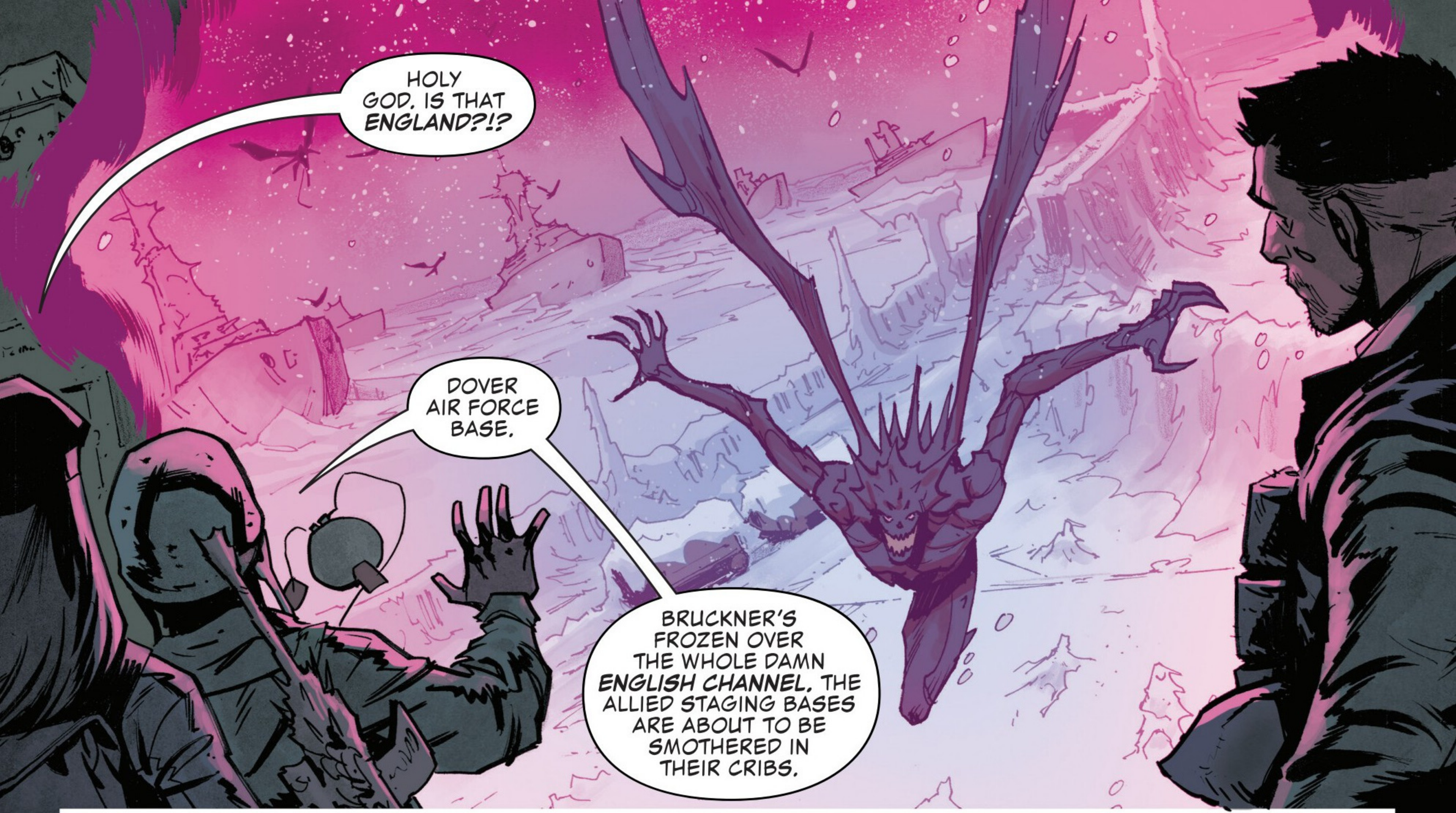
WOO-HOOOOO!!!
YOU'RE TOO UGLY TO LIVE, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE.
NNGGAAAUUUUGGGGHHHHH
BOOOOM

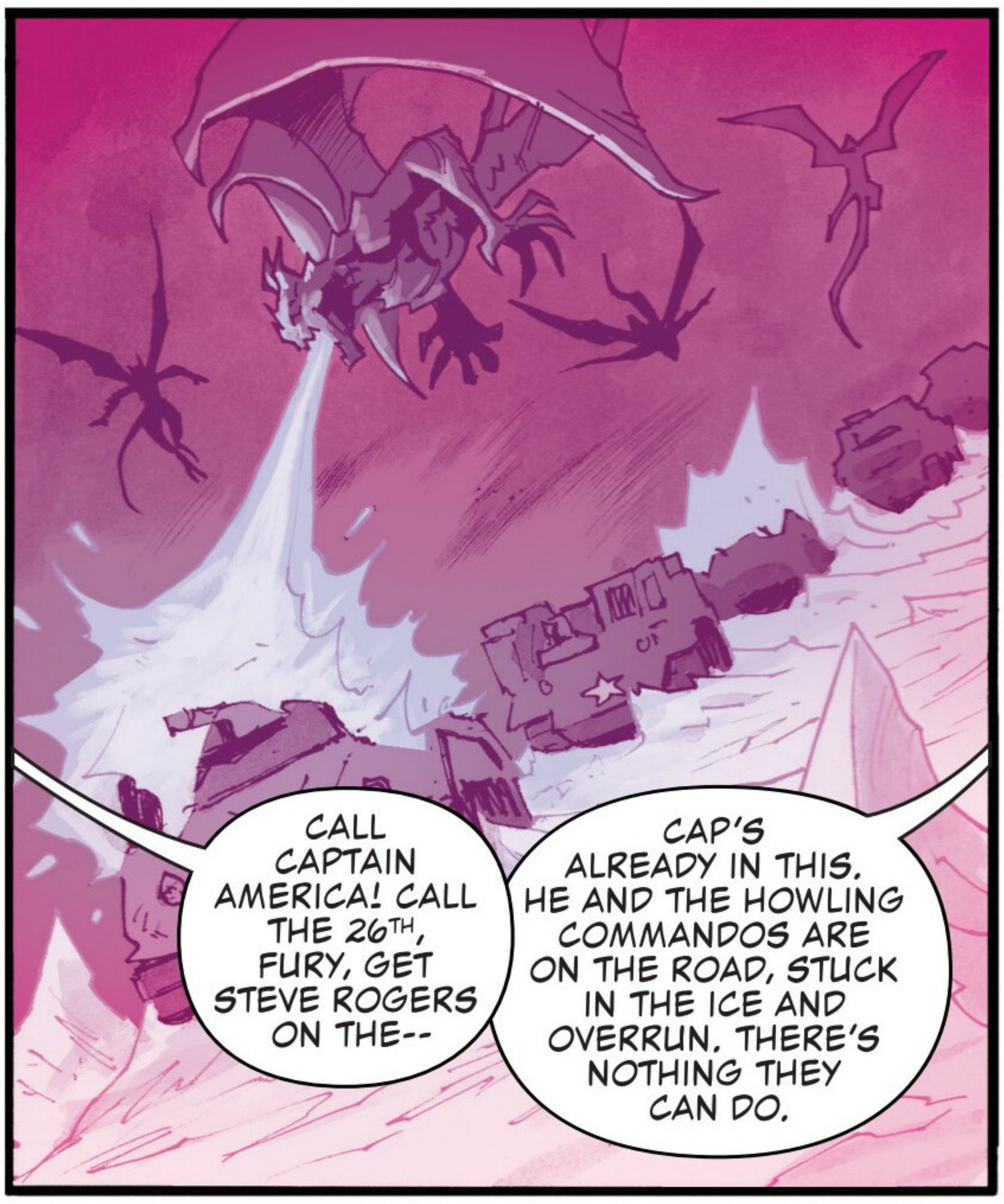
BADOOOOOOOM
GGGRRRRRGGGLL
FSSSHHHH
WHAT DO YOU THINK, SZARDOS?
IS IT--?

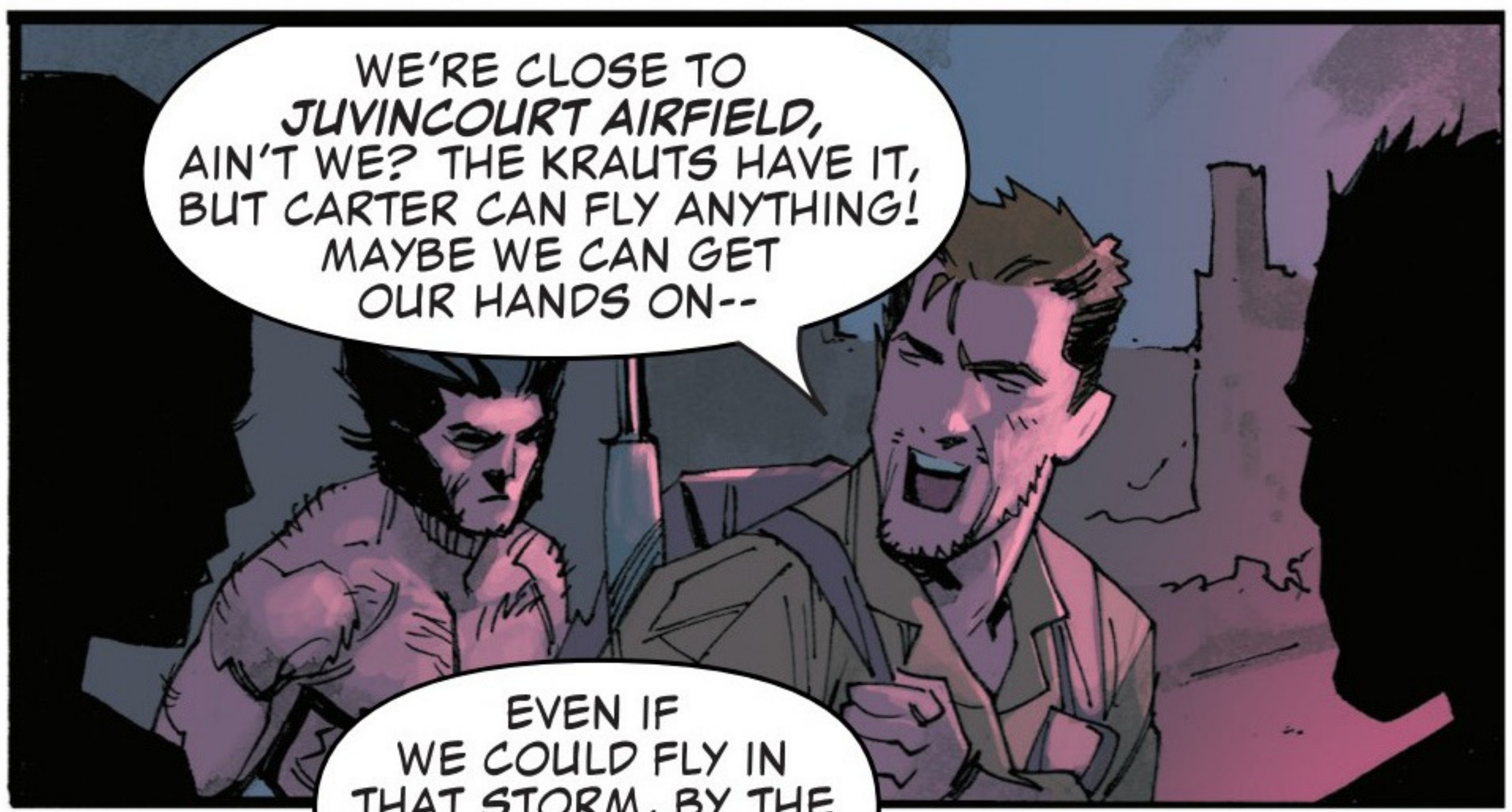
WHUMP
BLRRRRRRRP
SHRIIIPP
GGAAAHH!
LOGAN!
DAMN, LOGAN. YOU BEEN THROUGH THE MILL.
LOGAN, ARE YOU...I DON'T KNOW...ARE YOU OKAY?
HURRRRRRP
SPLSHHH
...HNNH?
WHY WOULDN'T I BE?

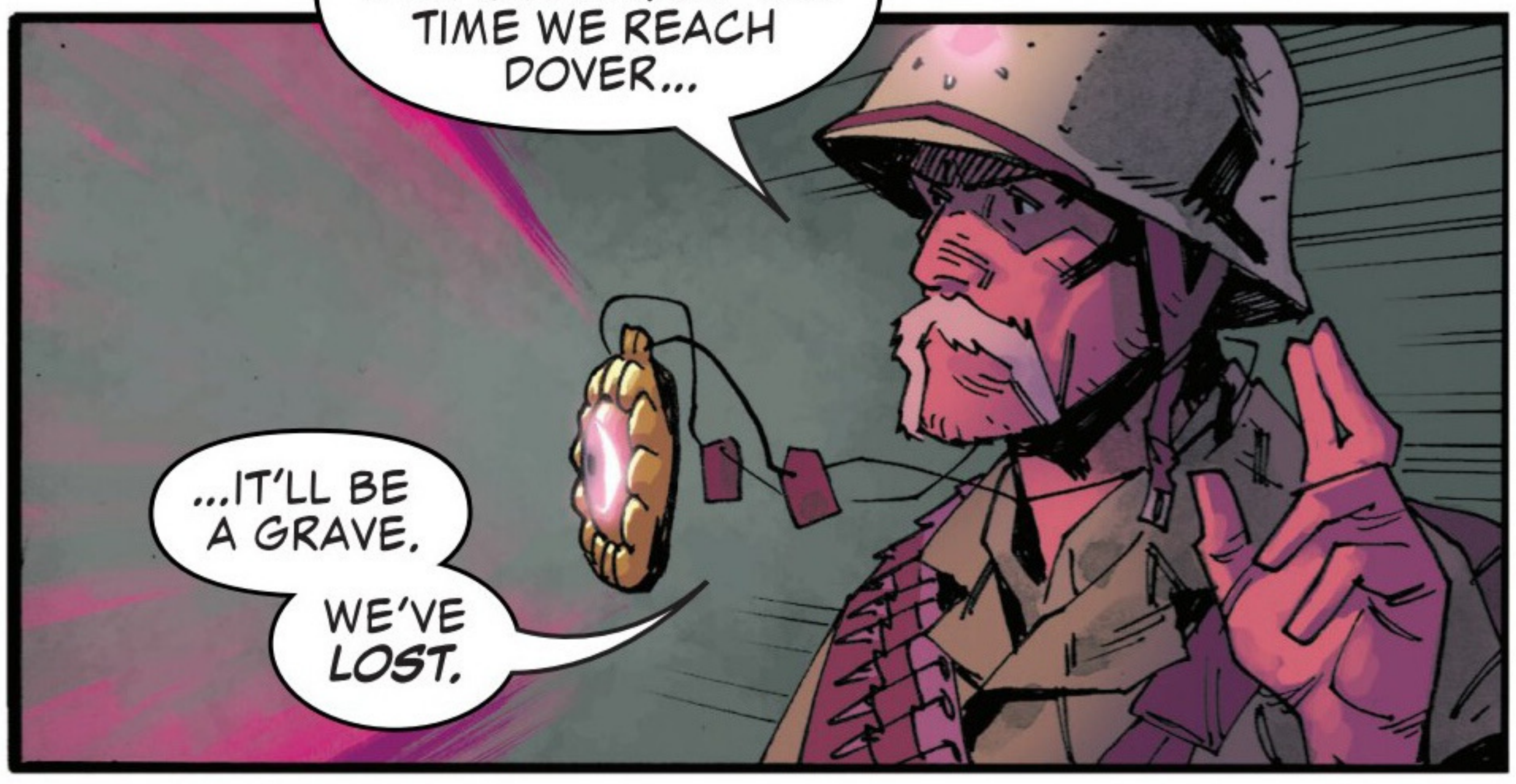
HMM-HMM-HMMMMM, DOODEEDOO...
WE TALKED ABOUT THIS, BUCK. NO MORE TAKIN' NAZI BITS.
WHAT?!?
CAN'T SMOKE, CAN'T TAKE NAZI HEADS...GEEZ-LOUISE, NICK, YOU'RE LIKE AN OLD LADY ANYMORE!
HHNNNNG...
T-TÖTE... UNS.*
*KILL US.
WELP, THAT MIGHT BE THE WORST THING I EVER SAW.
GOD'S SAKE, NICK. I'M GONNA BE SICK. SHOOT THAT THING AND LET'S GET AFTER BRUCKNER.
TOO... LATE.
CALPHAEL SUMMONED US...
...TO BAR YOUR ROAD. TO DELAY YOU.
IN MOMENTS THE WAR WILL BE ENDED...

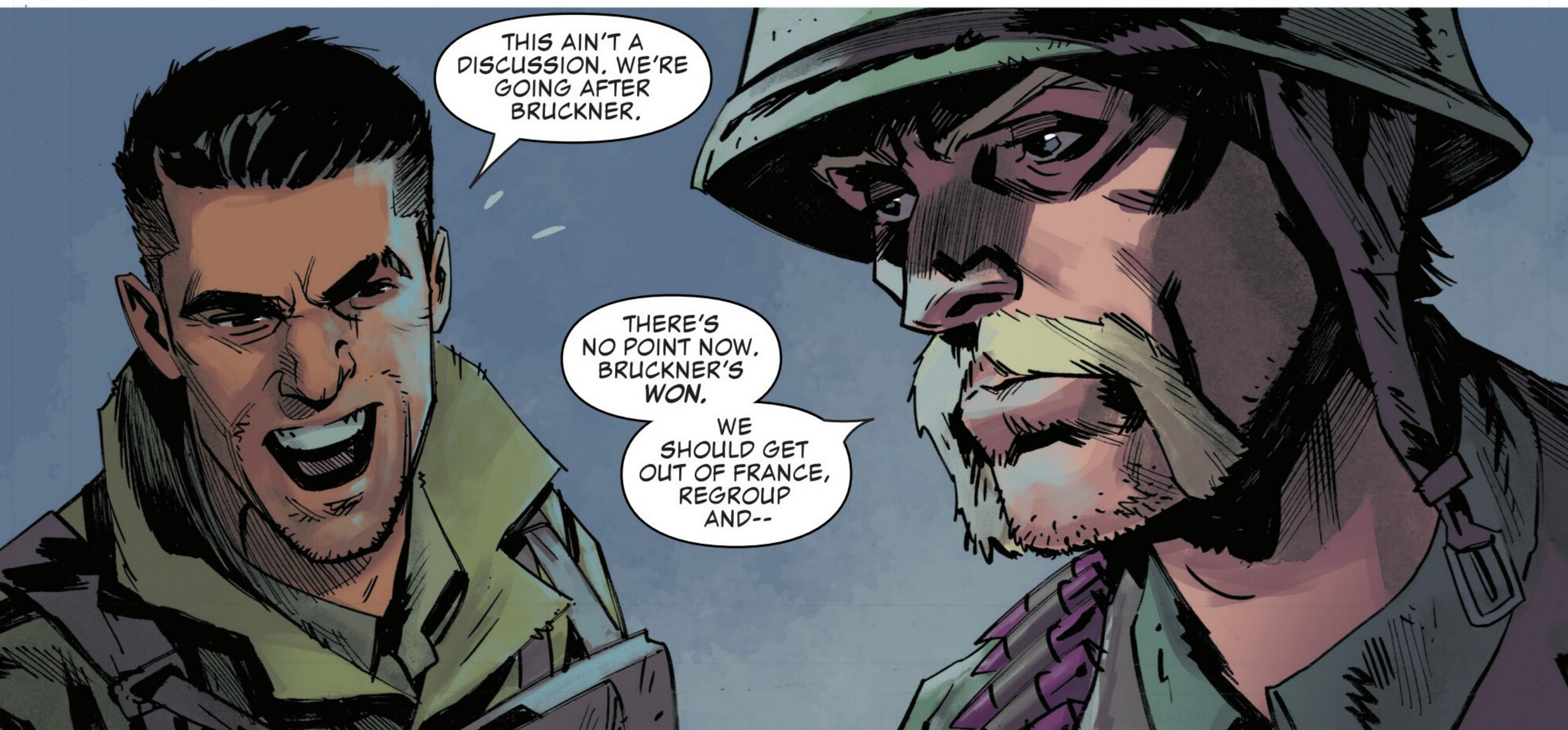
...AND THIS LAND WILL BE OUR *PARADISE.*
DOOOOM
FWOOOOOOOOO
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT *"PARADISE."*
BUT I BET I CAN MAKE IT A *LITTLE* BETTER.
OSHTUR RAHMA.
BLAMM
UH... WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
HOPEFULLY NOT WHAT I *THINK* IS HAPPENING.
EYE OF AGAMOTTO...
...SHOW US THE EYE OF THIS STORM.


HOLY GOD. IS THAT *ENGLAND?!?*
DOVER AIR FORCE BASE.
BRUCKNER'S FROZEN OVER THE WHOLE DAMN *ENGLISH CHANNEL.* THE ALLIED STAGING BASES ARE ABOUT TO BE SMOTHERED IN THEIR CRIBS.


CALL CAPTAIN AMERICA! CALL THE 26TH, FURY, GET STEVE ROGERS ON THE--
CAP'S ALREADY IN THIS. HE AND THE HOWLING COMMANDOS ARE ON THE ROAD, STUCK IN THE ICE AND OVERRUN. THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN DO.


WE'RE CLOSE TO *JUVINCOURT AIRFIELD,* AIN'T WE? THE KRAUTS HAVE IT, BUT CARTER CAN FLY ANYTHING! MAYBE WE CAN GET OUR HANDS ON--


EVEN IF WE COULD FLY IN THAT STORM, BY THE TIME WE REACH DOVER...
...IT'LL BE A GRAVE.
WE'VE *LOST.*


THIS AIN'T A DISCUSSION. WE'RE GOING AFTER BRUCKNER.
THERE'S NO POINT NOW. BRUCKNER'S *WON.*
WE SHOULD GET OUT OF FRANCE, REGROUP AND--

NNG.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I GAVE FOR THIS?
FWOOOOSHH
THERE'S NO WALKING AWAY.
WE'RE KILLING BRUCKNER.
DID YOU FORGET WHAT HE DID TO ME?
JUST TAKE IT EASY, ROMERO.
WHAT HE DID TO CRUZ?
TO ALL OF THEM?!?
ROMERO!!!
I DON'T THINK ROMERO'S IN CHARGE RIGHT NOW.
ROMERO MADE A BARGAIN.
AND I DO NOT RELEASE HIM.

I AM ZARATHOS.
ONCE AN ARCHANGEL OF JUSTICE...NOW OF VENGEANCE.
I SPARED SALVADOR ROMERO FROM DEATH, AND HIS TASK REMAINS UNFINISHED.
THE ALLIES ARE ABOUT TO LOSE THEIR STAGING GROUND! WE CAN'T WIN THIS WAR WITHOUT--
YOUR MORTAL SQUABBLE IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE.
BRUCKNER IS INHABITED BY ONE CALLED CALPHAEL, ONE OF THE UNHALLOWED, A SPAWN OF ALEKSANDRA NIGHTBRINGER.
THE UNHALLOWED WOULD MAKE THE EARTH A KINGDOM TO RIVAL HELL.
THE UNHALLOWED ARE A THING THAT WAS NOT INTENDED. ABOMINATIONS IN THE SIGHT OF HELL AND HEAVEN. THEY MUST ALL BURN...
...BEGINNING WITH CALPHAEL.

"BUT CALPHAEL'S HOSTS ARE LEGION. I FEAR ONE GHOST RIDER IS NO LONGER ENOUGH.
"THE SORCERER'S EYE MAKES YOU STRONG, BUT STILL YOU LACK THE STRENGTH TO FACE HIM."
THERE ARE WAYS I, TOO, MIGHT AID YOU.
YOU POSSESS WEAPONS THAT *FATE* HAS CHOSEN FOR YOU...
...SOULBOUND WEAPONS THAT AWAIT YOU ACROSS TIME, OF WHICH YOU'VE AS YET KNOWN NOTHING.
ACCEPT THESE GIFTS AND ENTER MY SERVICE. IN EXCHANGE, I ASK ONLY THE DESTRUCTION OF CALPHAEL.
WHAT SAY YOU, SOLDIERS?
WILL YOU WATCH YOUR WORLD FALL TO DARKNESS...

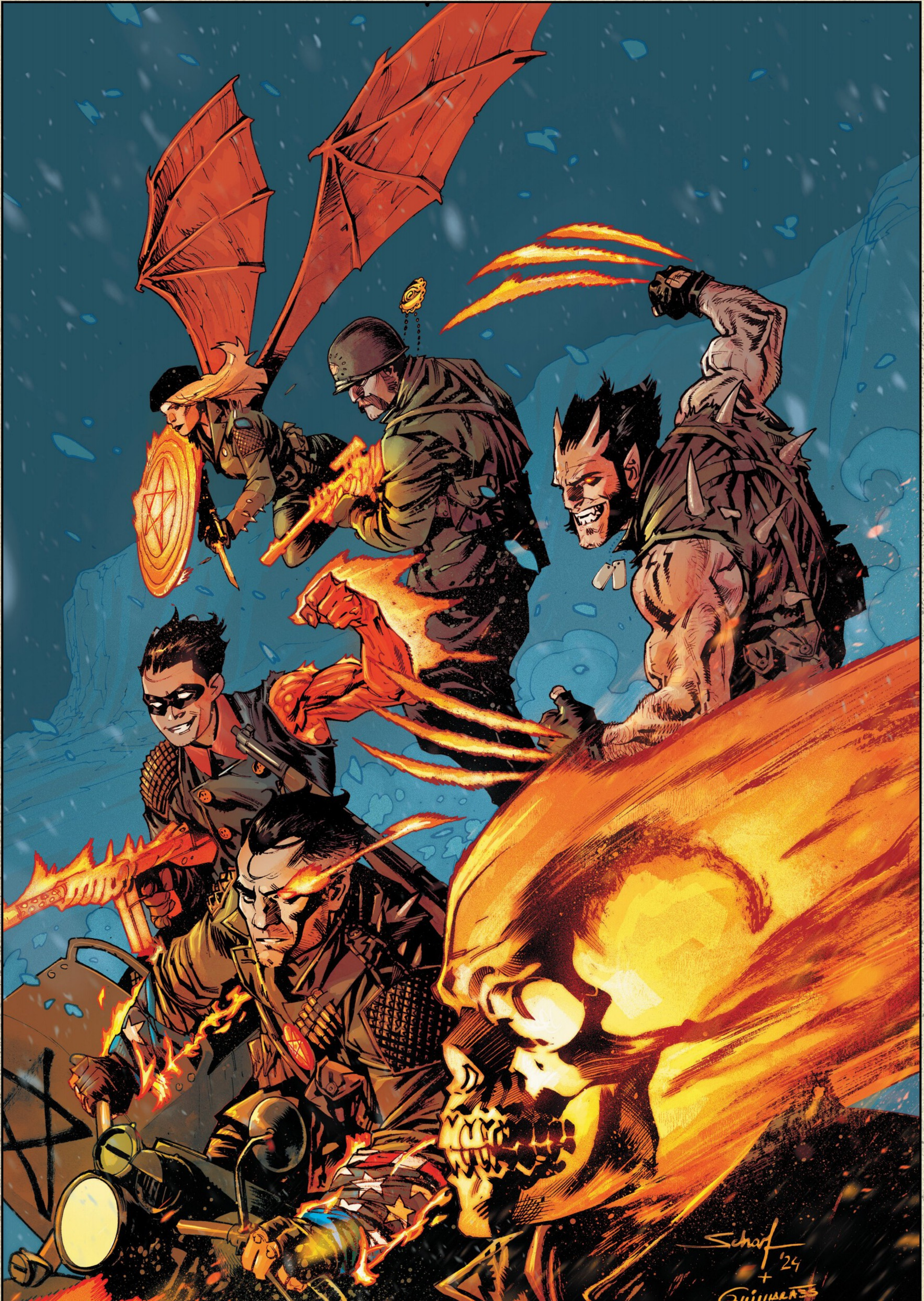
"...OR WILL YOU BE MY *HUNTERS?*"
DOVER ARMY AIR FORCE BASE, ENGLAND.
HERE THEY COME!!!
NO MATTER WHAT COMES OUTTA THAT STORM, LADS, DON'T GIVE AN INCH!
SKREEEEEEEEEEEAAAWWWWWK
NOTHIN' BREAKS THIS LINE!
GIVE 'EM HELL, BOYS!
U.S.
SCREAMING EAGLES!!!
AIRBORNE!!!

GIVE 'EM HELL!!!
SKREEEEEEEEEEEAAAWWWWWK
THWOCK
THE MOMENT COMES AT LAST, BROTHERS.
EARTH IS--
BLAMM
HISSSSSSS...
WE CALL THAT "COUNTIN' CHICKENS," BRUCKNER.

THIS FIGHT'S THE *OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON* FROM BEIN' OVER.
VVVVRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRR
NNN
ZARATHOS.
EVER MEDDLING, EH?
KILL ZARATHOS' PAWNS.
LITTER THE ICE WITH THEIR--
BRAKK
BRAKK
BRAKK
BRAKK
BRAKK
"NOT SUCH A 'LITTLE BIRD' NOW, *HUH?*
"YOU NAZI #%$&!"

I'M 101ST AIRBORNE, SCREAMING EAGLES...
...AND WE'RE SENDIN' YOU TO HELL TODAY!!!

#5 VARIANT BY **Marc Aspinall**


Scharf '24
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HELLHUNTERS **5**

HOLD THE LINE!!!
SKREEEEE
DOVER HARBOUR. ENGLAND.
BLAM
PUSH 'EM BACK!!! HOLD THE BASE!!!
BRAKAKAKAKAKAK
BLAM BLAM
GGGRRRAAAAAAAAHHGGH!!!
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
SKREEEEEE
BLAMMMM
NICE ONE, NICK.

ONLY A FEW THOUSAND TO GO.
THE FIGHTING'S GETTING THICK ALONG THE SOUTHERN DOCK, SZARDOS.
I'LL THIN 'EM OUT.
WE'RE GONNA HAVE A LOT TO ANSWER FOR, USING ZARATHOS' "GIFTS"...
...BUT THESE BOYS NEED A FIGHTING CHANCE.
FWOOOOOOOSH
GYEEAAAUGH

<IT ENDS IN *MOMENTS.*>*
<EVERY ALLIED SOLDIER THAT FALLS IS OURS. BY NIGHTFALL WE'LL HAVE TURNED EVERYONE ON THIS ISLAND, AND EARTH WILL BE-->
*TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN.
BOOOOM
<...WHAT?!?>
BRRUUUUUUUUKKKK
YOU AGAIN, LITTLE BIRD.
<BRING DOWN THAT PLANE.>
<YES, BRUCKNER.>

YOU'RE BRUCKNER?
YOU DON'T LOOK SO TOUGH.
I NEVER THOUGHT I WOULD TIRE OF KILLING AMERICANS, BUT YOU ARROGANT CHILDREN ARE TRYING MY PATIENCE.
WELL, YA KNOW...WE BROUGHT A CANADIAN, TOO.
GAAHHHH!!!
SHRECKK
THAT'S FOR DAVEY!
WHERE YOU FROM, BUB?
BREMEN? DÜSSELDORF?
POOOOOOOM
ANOTHER SNIVELING LITTLE PANSY WHO CAN'T SHUT UP...
VVRRRNNNN
...ABOUT HOW SUPERIOR HE IS?
WHAM

WHERE... AM I FROM?
I AM FROM THE FROZEN SOIL OF RUSSIA.
I AM FROM THE BLOOD AND ASHES OF ALEKSANDRA NIGHT-BRINGER.
AND I CAN NEVER D--
THWOCK
WHOCK
WHECK
EVERY NAZI I EVER MET TALKS THAT WAY.

JUST CAN'T IMAGINE THEY MIGHT BE WRONG.
NICE THROW, PEG.
HEY. LOOK AT THIS.
THEY ALL STOPPED RUNNIN'...
"...AND EVEN THE STORM'S BLOWN ITSELF OUT."
DID WE JUST WIN?
LET'S HAVE THAT SONG, BUCKY!
"HEADS ARE UP AND CHESTS ARE OUT!"
HEH.
"ARMS ARE SWINGIN' IN CADENCE C--"
GET OFF THE ICE!!!
RMMMBBBLLLL
GET OFF THE ICE!!!
VRRNNNNN

THINK YOU THE BATTLE WON, LITTLE MORTALS?
KRAKOOOOOM
I AM CALPHAEL.
HERALD OF ALEKSANDRA NIGHTBRINGER.
FWOOOOOOOOOSHHH
BOOOOOM
THE DOMINION OF MORTALS IS ENDED.
POOOM

THE UNHALLOWED HAVE COME.

THOOOM
THOOOM
THOOOM
FWOOOOOOOSHHH
WHAT'RE WE SUPPOSED TO DO AGAINST *THAT?*
FIGHT LIKE HELL, SAME AS EVERY OTHER SOLDIER OUT HERE...
"...BUT IT'LL BE UP TO *ROMERO* TO FINISH IT."
EEEEEE
SKREEEE
KDAMMDAMMDAM
KDAMMDAMMDAM
YOU DO PRETTY GOOD AGAINST THE WHOLE *ALLIED FORCES,* CALPHAEL.
SKRREEEEK!

"LET'S SEE YOU TRY IT ON ONE PISSED-OFF PARATROOPER.
"THIS PLANE DON'T RUN ON *DIESEL* ANYMORE, FELIX.
"IT RUNS ON *HELLFIRE*."
REEEEEK!
FOOOOM
YOU SHOULD HAVE DIED IN THAT *TREE*.
AND *YOU* SHOULDA STAYED DEAD IN *RUSSIA*.
BRAKAK AKAK
AKAKAK AKAK
AKAK

KTANG
ENOUGH.
KR RUU NN NNNK
CALPHAEL WILL NOT BE--
FWIPPP
FWOOOOOSHHH
ROOOAAAARRR
BOOM
SPLACK
GO GET 'EM, GHOST RIDER.

FWOOOOOOOSH
CRACK
CRACK
CRACK
YOU.
ZARATHOS'S PAWN.
YOU AND YOUR KIND NEVER HAD THE STRENGTH TO FACE US.
DIE, LITTLE BIRD.
BA-WHOOOM
ROMERO!!!
DON'T WORRY, KID.
FWOOOOOOOOOOSHHH
I'M A @&$#%$& SCREAMING EAGLE.
SKREEEEEEE

KA-THC
OOOOOM

<NO.>
SPOOOOOOOSHHH
<I CANNOT DIE.>
<I MUSTN'T.>
<PLEASE.>
<YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WAITING FOR ME DOWN TH-->
DON'T I?

THIS MORTAL VESSEL MEANT NOTHING, ZARATHOS. I ENDURE.
YOUR LITTLE TRICK IN THE RUSSIAN FOREST DID NOT HOLD ME. NEITHER WILL THE SEA, NOR HELL ITSELF.
I WOULD NOT SULLY THE FIRES WITH AN ABOMINATION SUCH AS THEE, CALPHAEL.
YOU ARE FIT ONLY FOR ***OBLIVION.***
HOW I DESPISE THEE, ZARATHOS.
THE UNHALLOWED CHILDREN OF THE ***NIGHTBRINGER*** ARE NOT DONE WITH THEE...

"...NOR THY SERVANTS."
TWO DAYS LATER.
CAMP TWENTY GRAND. HENOUVILLE/DUCLAIR, FRANCE.
BUCKY.
SNFF

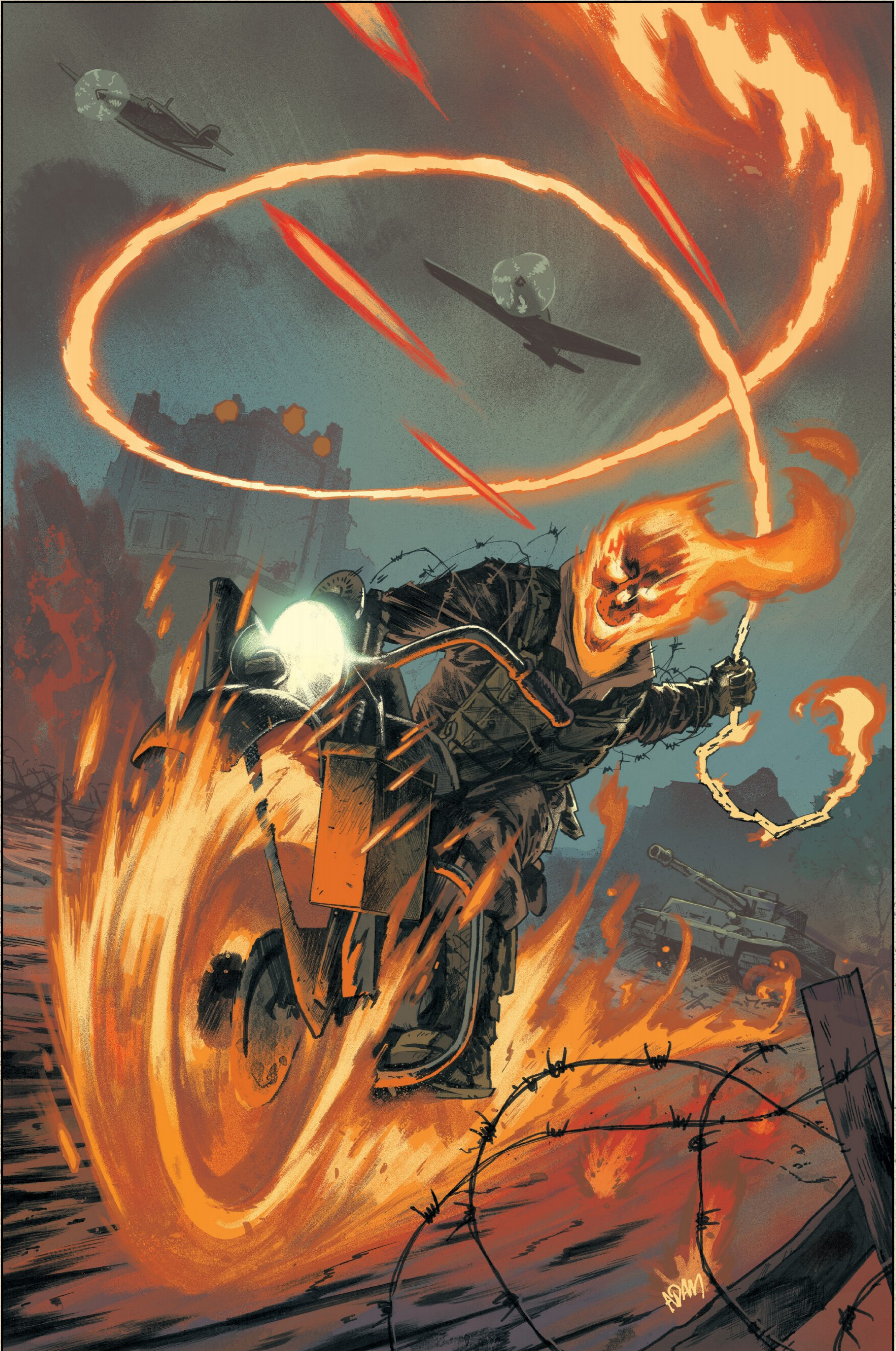
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL I'M SUPPOSED TO DO WITH YOU.
MY OLD PLATOON SERGEANT, SARN'T WOODY, WOULD BE ROLLING IN HIS GRAVE IF HE SAW HOW WE FIGHT WARS NOW.
I GOT WOMEN FIGHTING LIKE THEY WAS MEN...SNOT-NOSED KIDS DRESSED UP LIKE THE LONE RANGER, DESERTING WHENEVER THEY'VE A MIND TO...
I DIDN'T DESERT NOTHIN'!
ZIP IT, BUCK.
I GOT A CANADIAN WHO SMELLS LIKE HE AIN'T SHOWERED HIS WHOLE LIFE, WHO DON'T EVEN STAND AT ATTENTION WHEN HE'S ADDRESSED BY AN OFFICER...
...AN INFANTRYMAN WHO DON'T KNOW THE GROOMING REGS, WHO KILLS NAZIS WITH MAGIC TRICKS INSTEAD 'A BULLETS...
...AND I GOT YOU, NICK.
SAY YOU'RE ME. YOU GOT FIVE ENLISTED WHO JUST SAVED THE DAMN WORLD, BUT BROKE EVERY RULE IN THE UNIFORM CODE OF MILITARY JUSTICE DOING IT.
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

SILVER STARS FOR ALL OF US?! YOU THINK HE'S ON THE LEVEL?
DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH. WE'LL ALL BE HOME OR DEAD BEFORE THE WASHINGTON BUREAUCRATS SIGN OFF ON 'EM.
YOU THINK OUR FIRE POWERS MIGHT COME BACK? THAT ARM CAME IN PRETTY HANDY.
EVEN IF THEY DO COME BACK, DON'T USE 'EM IF YOU CAN HELP IT.
THOSE WERE THE POWERS OF THE DAMNED THAT ZARATHOS GAVE US. WE DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR 'EM LIKE ROMERO DID...BUT WE USED 'EM.
THE DEVIL DON'T GIVE POWER FOR FREE. IT ALWAYS GETS PAID BACK.
YOU THINK WE'RE STILL ON ZARATHOS' RADAR, NOW THAT ROMERO'S DEAD?
DEAD?
C'MON, NICK. YOU OF ALL PEOPLE OUGHTA KNOW HOW THIS STUFF GOES.

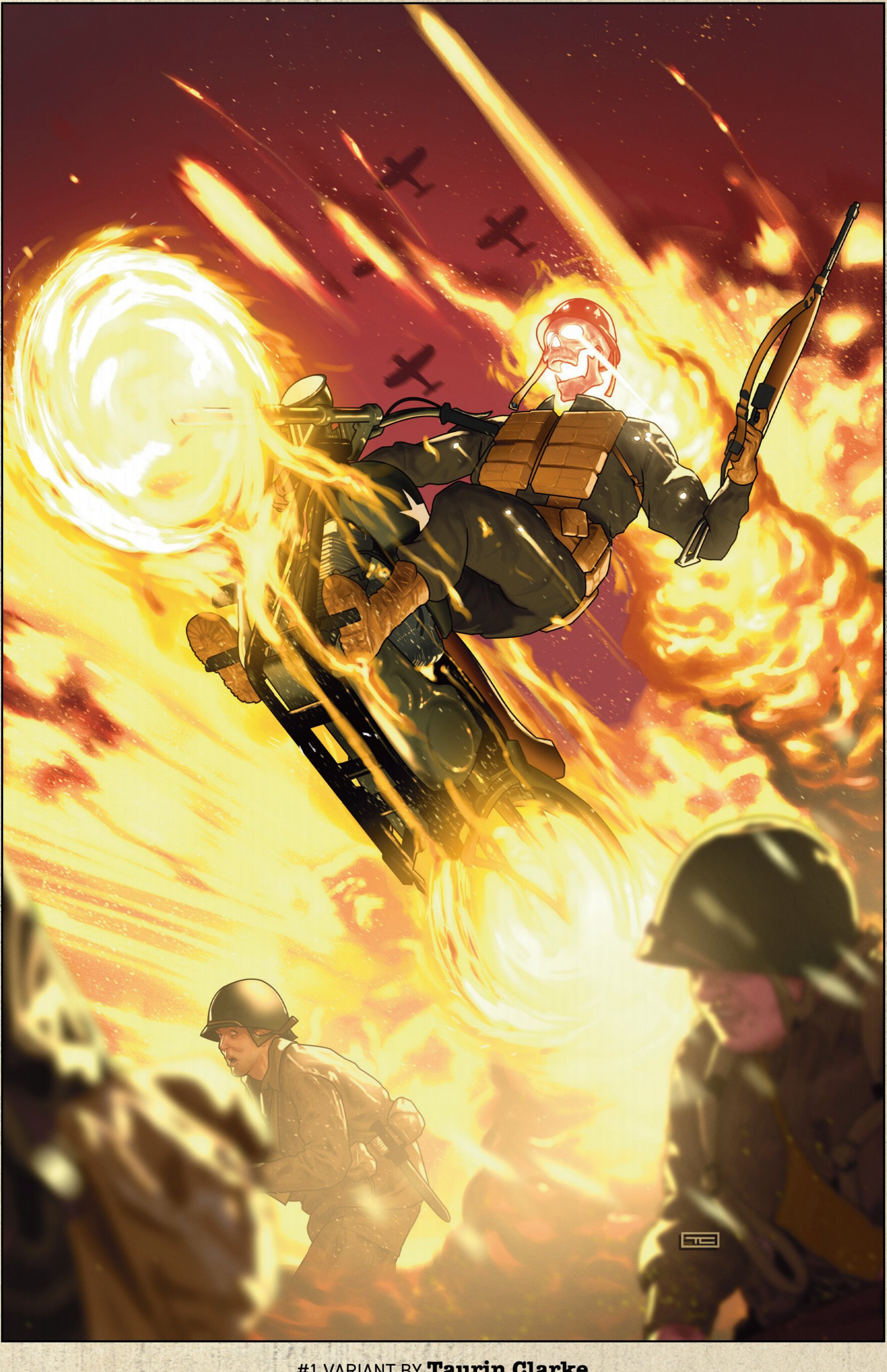
"SAL ROMERO'S A **GHOST RIDER** NOW. RIDERS DON'T DIE EASY.
"THAT THING THAT'S IN HIM WON'T LET HIM GO. NOT AS LONG AS HE'S USEFUL.
"**CALPHAEL** MIGHT BE DEAD OR HE MIGHT NOT. BUT THE OTHER UNHALLOWED ARE STILL OUT THERE. MAYBE EVEN THE **NIGHTBRINGER** HERSELF.
"GHOST RIDER MIGHT'VE GOTTEN THE REVENGE HE WANTED, BUT HE'S STILL GOT WORK TO DO.
"SAME AS THE REST OF US."
NOT THE END.

BOOK
ISSUE 01
PAGE COVER VAR
ARTIST
ABURTOV

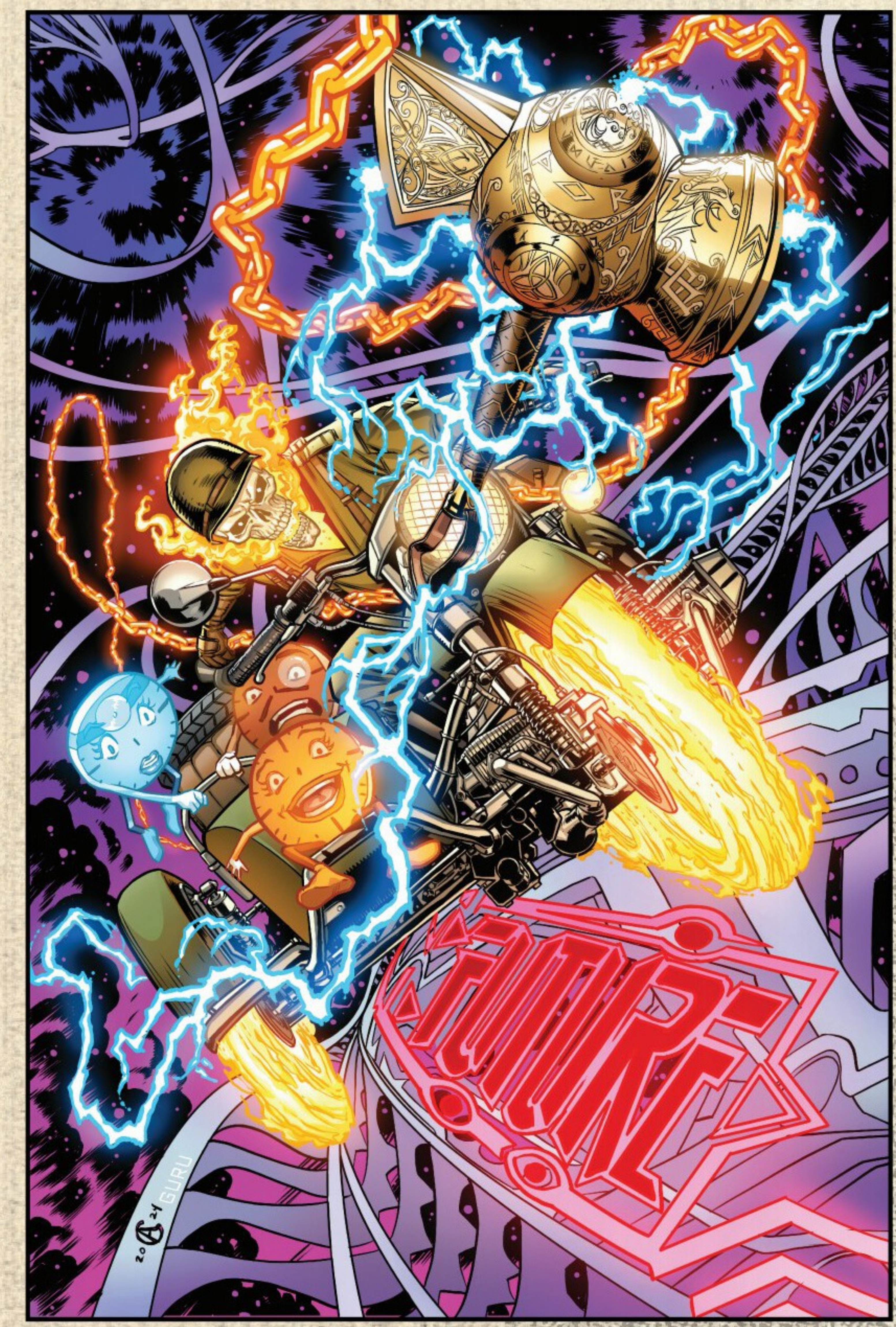
#1 VARIANT BY **David Baldeón** & **Jesus Aburtov**



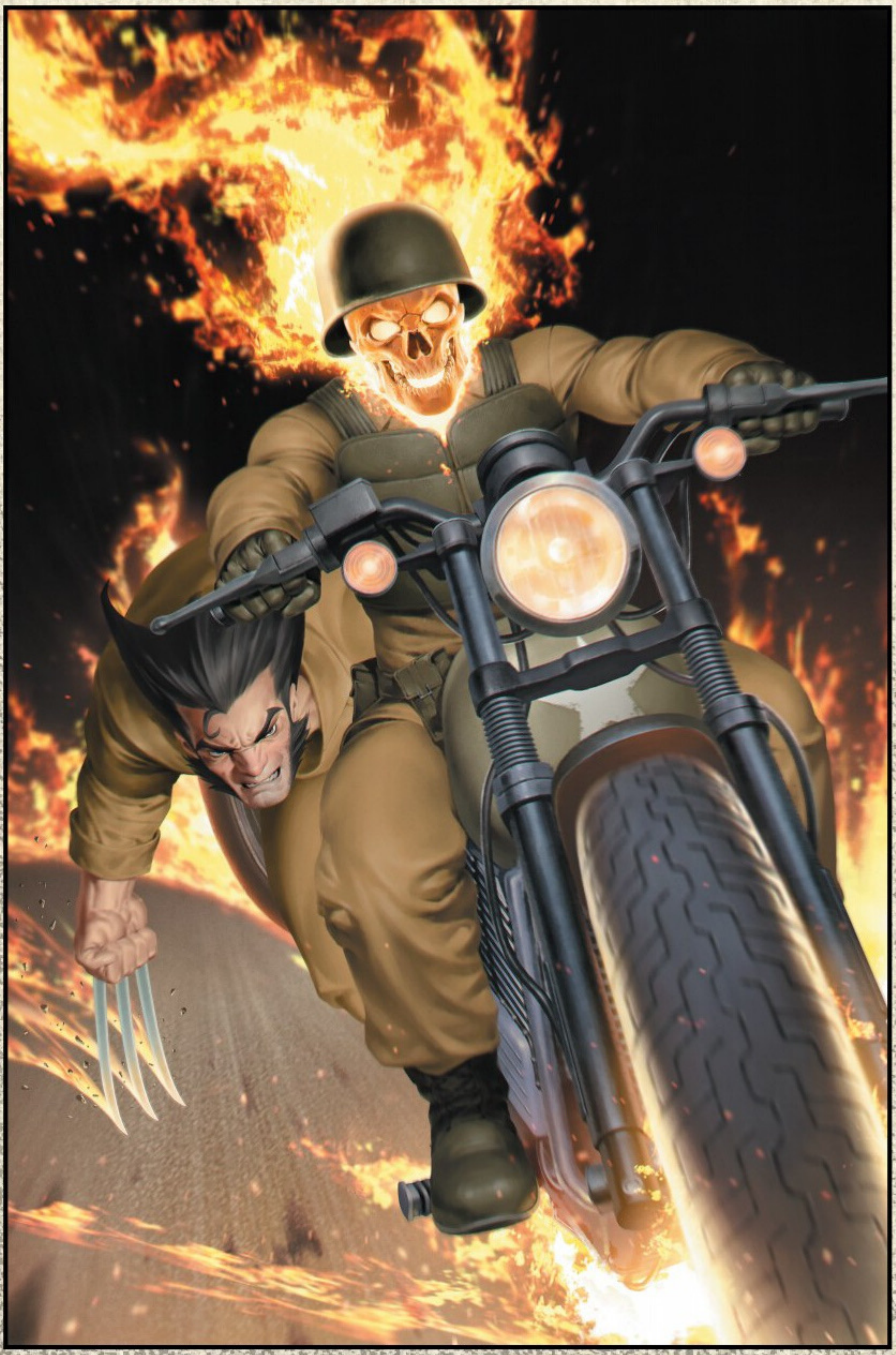
#1 VARIANT BY **Adam Gorham** & **Frank Martin**



#1 VARIANT BY **Taurin Clarke**



#1 STORMBREAKERS VARIANT BY
Chris Allen & **GURU-eFX**



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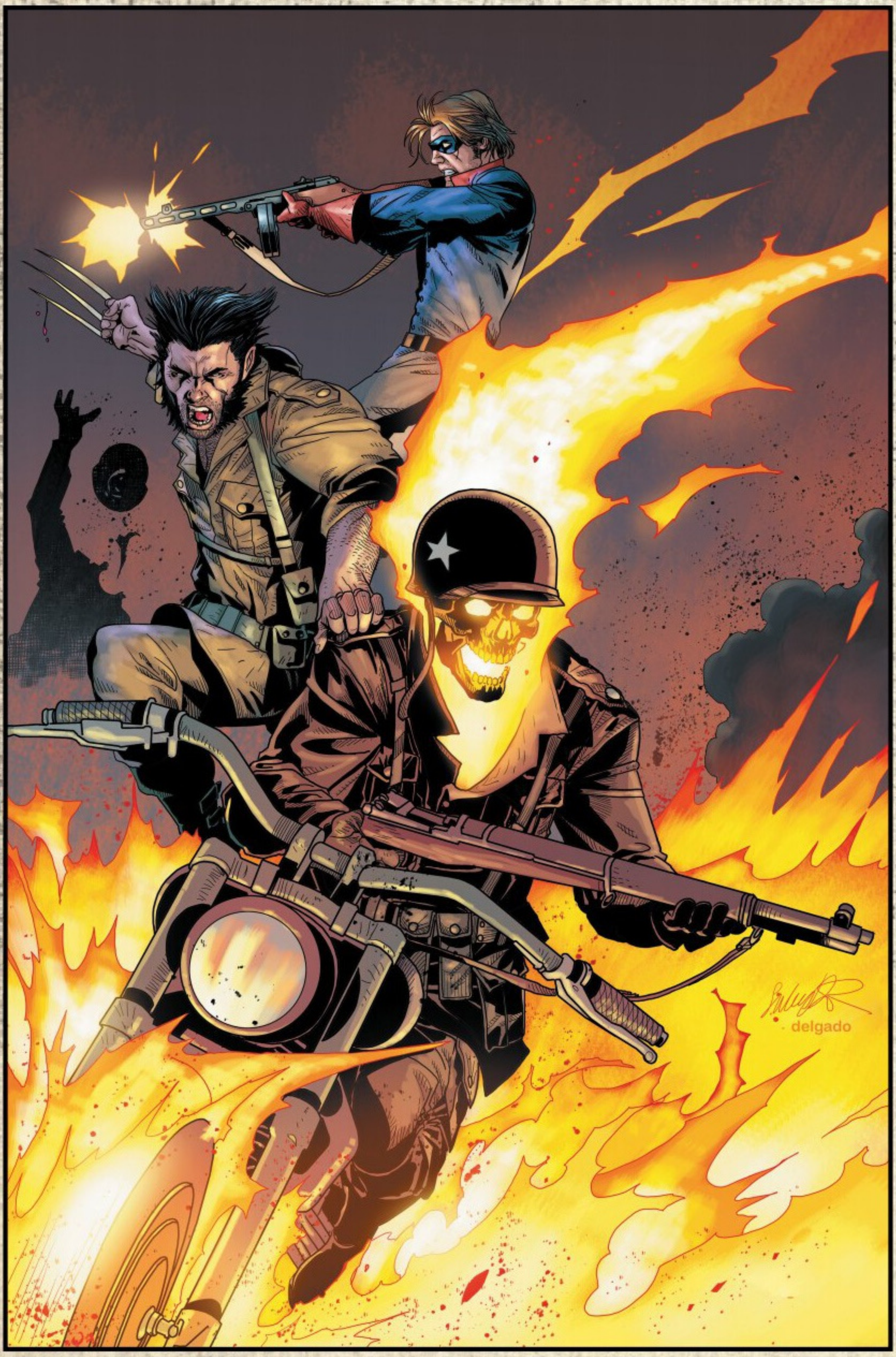

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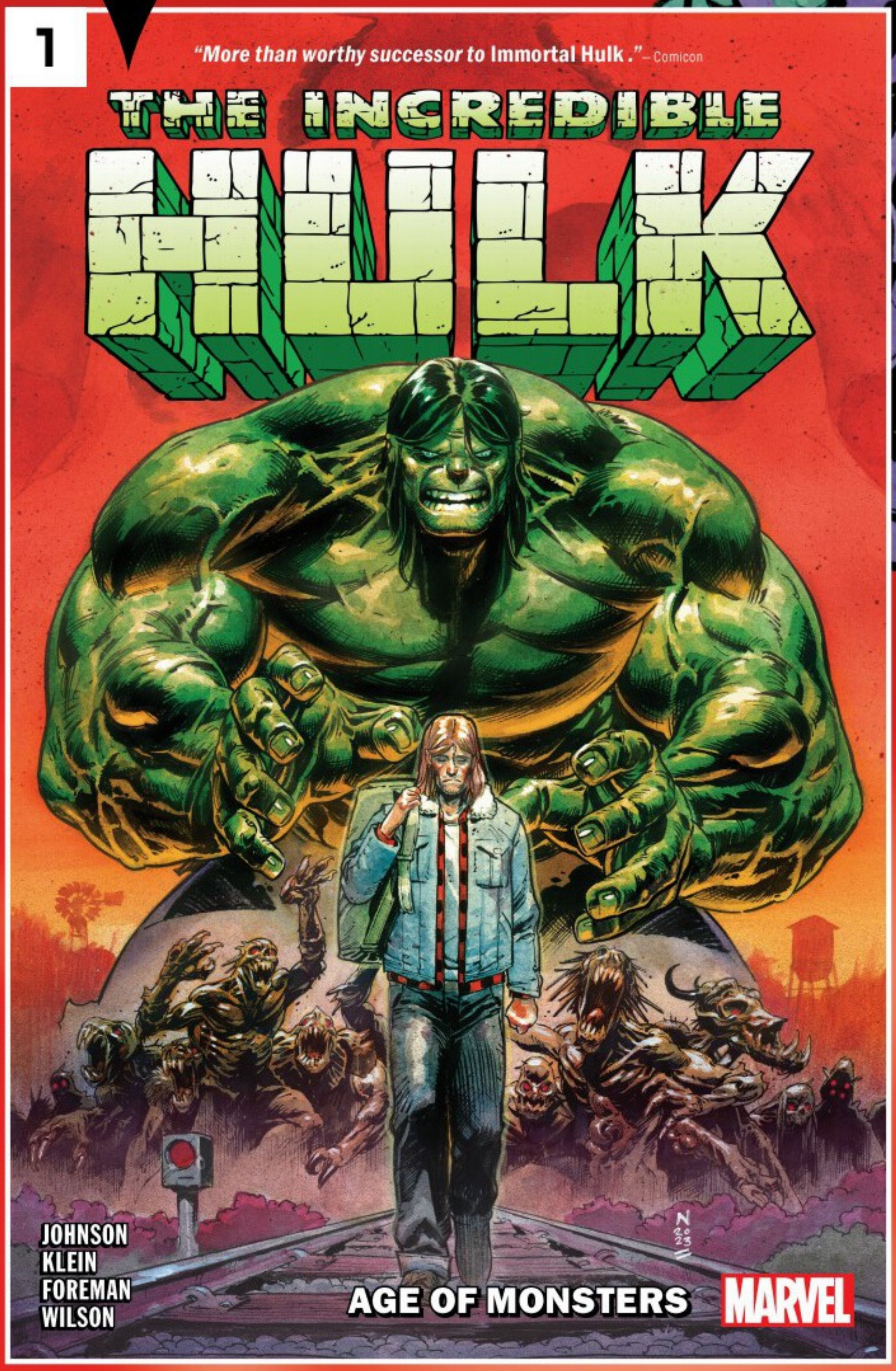
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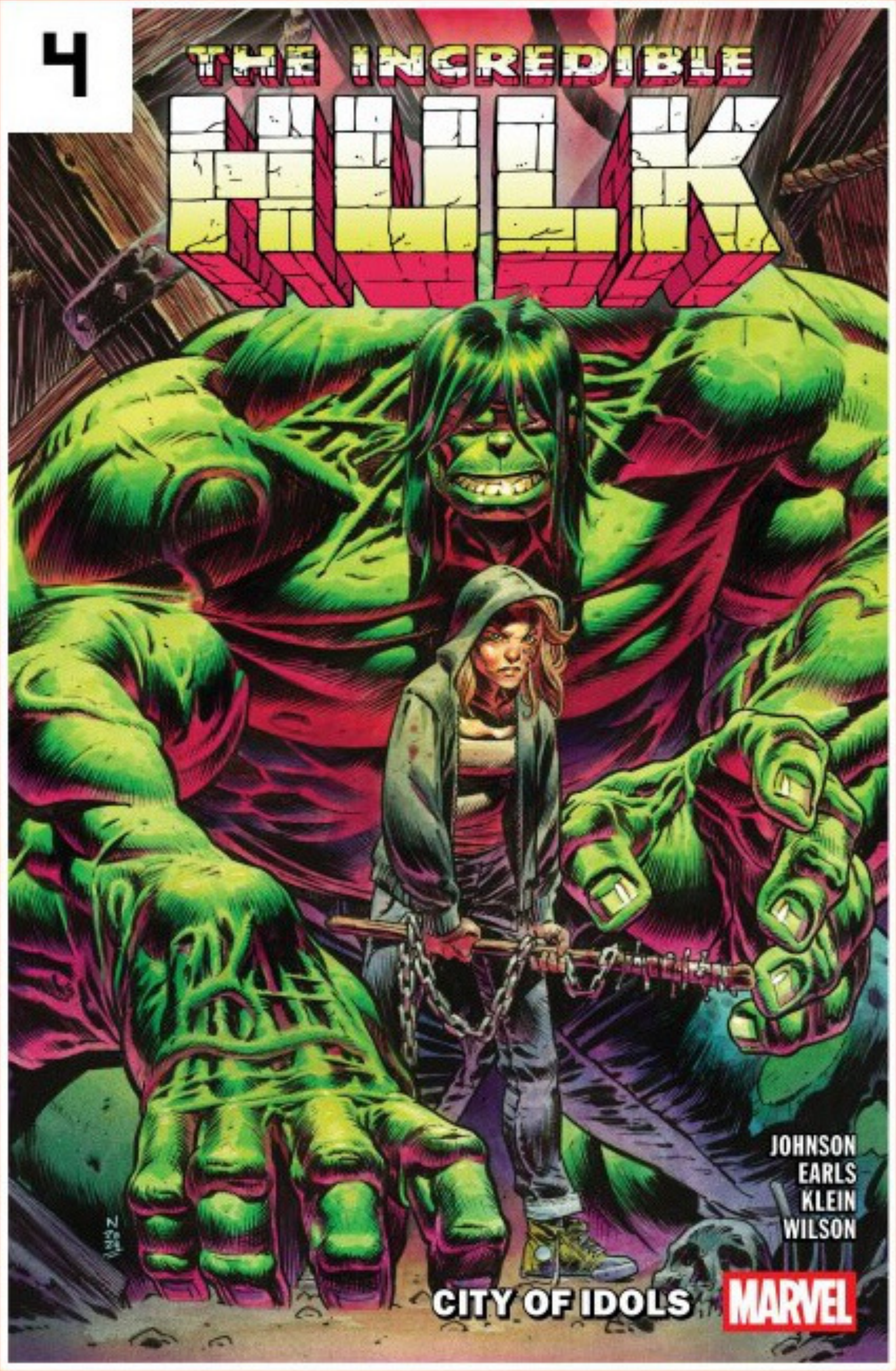
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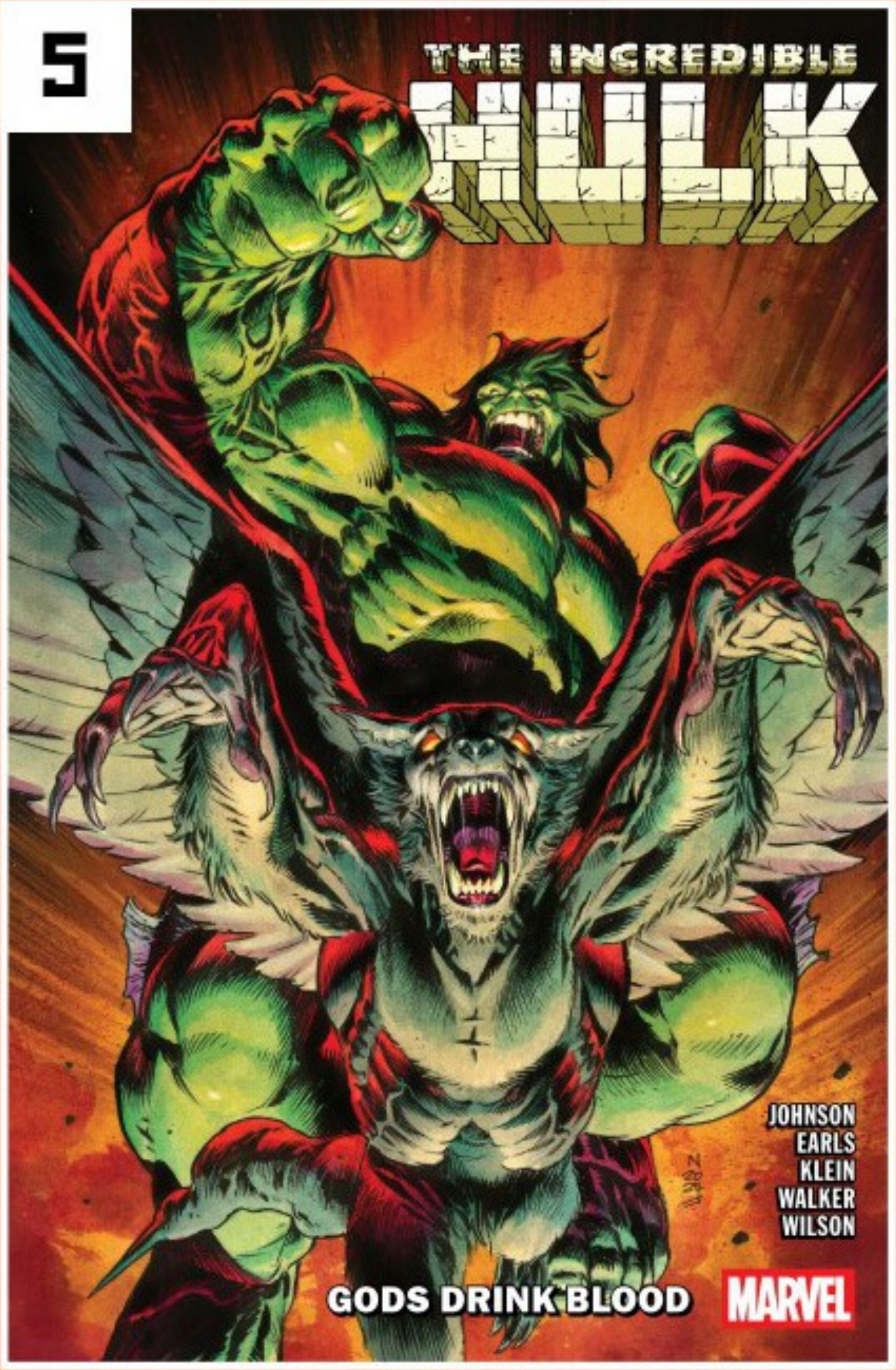
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